

COUNTRY LIFE

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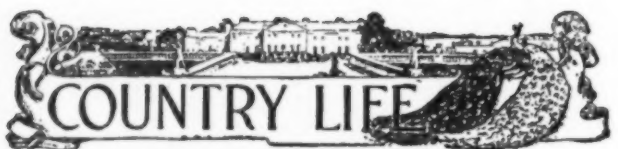
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SPEAIGHT

THE COUNTESS OF KERRY AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE YOUNG YEAR AND
THE CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH 1915 enters amid the smoke and noise of battle, there is no need to accept any gloomy forebodings about its character. It is very unlikely that it will remain the same throughout. At any rate, as far as the war is concerned, recent events have shown that both on land and sea our men are displaying the high spirit and splendid courage which are usually precursors of victory, and our columns show that other than military cares are occupying the mind of the nation. The fact that the year is young makes it particularly appropriate that we should learn to understand what is being done for the young of the race. Those who are at school now will one day have to assume guardianship of that heritage which has been so dearly won and so stubbornly kept. For this reason we have devoted a number of notes to explaining a few of the points that came to the eye in a cursory examination of the medical report issued in regard to the pupils at elementary schools. The care of children is one of the highest duties of the State. It belongs to a different category to the care we give to the feeble in body or mind, the poor and the inefficient. It is humanity that dictates kindly treatment of the old and the ailing. If ever a purely commercial spirit were to enter into government—and we hope it never will—it would be possible to point out that money spent in maintaining a feeble glimmer of life in the old and ailing is wasted. They can be of no further service to the State, and it is useless to keep them in life. So would the hard utilitarian argue, and we need not stop here to refute him any further than to say that were it only for the culti-

vation of so fine a virtue as kindness it would be worth doing. Not here and now any more than in an older time can men live by bread alone.

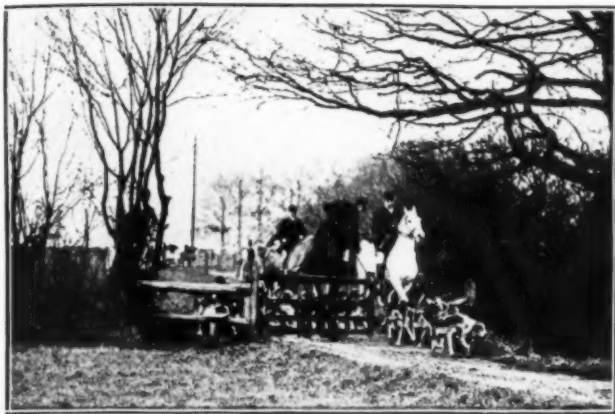
So far as regards the care of children, even the pretences of this argument cannot be set up. The children to-day are as much a necessity of the race as they were when the greatest blessing that could be pronounced upon a patriarch was that his descendants should be as the sands by the sea shore or the stars of heaven for multitude. If any moral can be drawn from the war in which we are engaged, it is that the State which means to be strong and powerful in the future must possess a full complement of healthy citizens. More than any other empire in the world is this true of Great Britain. There are some States whose geographical area is so strictly limited that they could not possibly carry a greater population than they at present have, but our empire is not at all closely settled. Even Canada, the most energetic and prosperous of the King's Dominions beyond the seas, can yet take a vast number of settlers, while the resources of Australia are only at the beginning of their development. Science, too, is making more of land, rendering it more productive and thus able to support a largely increased number of people. It is less difficult now than it ever was before in the history of the world to make the desert blossom as the rose. Were there no other reasons, this would be sufficient to justify the greatest amount of attention which can possibly be paid to the spiritual and material welfare of our young people. Yet it is only within the last few years that we have recognised to what an extent the State is responsible for the material welfare of its children. Medical inspection has been upon its trial now for some half dozen years or so, and it is already producing very excellent results. The doctor and the nurse at the beginning had to fight against a great number of ancient prejudices. There are poor people who think that a certain amount of dirt is almost necessary to health, and the first great task was to create a public opinion in the elementary schools in favour of cleanliness. Much remains to be done in this way, but very steady progress has been made, and we trust that pre-occupation with the war will not prevent close attention being given to the matter in the months that are to come.

Certain preventable diseases also carry off annually, or hopelessly enfeeble, a considerable proportion of the younglings of the race. The responsibility for this is largely that of the woman uneducated in the duties of motherhood. This is not said reproachfully, but simply as a statement of a defect that should be rectified. If girls were brought up on a more intelligent system and better taught in practical work, infant mortality would, in the opinion of all who are entitled to speak, be very greatly decreased. We are not at all in favour of soiling the young mind and making it common by premature education on certain aspects of life. On the contrary, it is our belief that a great race is most likely to spring from women who are remarkable for their guilelessness and purity. At the same time, there are facts of life which may be too closely veiled in mystery and those should be chosen for the task of educating girls who combine wisdom with discretion. There is a time to speak and a time to hold one's tongue, and of it there can only be one judge. In other matters, greater intelligence is equally to be desired. The feeding of children, for instance, proceeds as a rule on mischievous lines, and we are sorry to think that it is worst with the very poor. They do not know how to get the best for their money, but waste on an expensive diet what would keep them comfortably if they knew what simple and yet nourishing foodstuff is procurable. There is much striving, too, to get this information into the heads of girls, but the cookery classes and other machinery for the purpose do not produce very perceptible results. Everyone should read and study this report and, so lend a little assistance to those engaged in the very important duty of physical education.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Countess of Kerry and her children. Lady Kerry is a daughter of Sir Edward Stanley Hope, K.C.B., and married the Earl of Kerry, Lord Lansdowne's heir, in 1904.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

IN the first number of the year it is usual to give something in the nature of a review of the preceding twelve months, but in 1914 one great event dwarfed every other and made ordinary interests dwindle almost to nothing. It is the war and nothing but the war that occupies the public mind at present, and will continue to do so till the end draws near. A review of it would serve no good purpose, especially as there is no way of convincing the German people that the view instilled into them by their leaders is a fallacious one. To us here it seems incredible that men of world fame and the widest learning should continue to hold that Germany is fighting a defensive war. In this country it is possible to form a judgment on all the evidence, because the official accounts and despatches have been freely printed and nothing has been withheld. That England was the aggressor seems a proposition too absurd to find a moment's credence anywhere. Surely it is apparent to the Germans themselves that our statesmen had taken no steps to prepare for such a struggle. Our Army, unlike that of Germany, was on a peace footing. France was almost as ill prepared, and experts know that the Russians would have required another five years at least to reform their military forces. To say that nations with empty hands forced the war is to insult intelligence.

The events of the war have not yet receded to a distance safe enough for any accurate account to be given of the operations. Only a very few simple facts stand out in bold outline. At the beginning the Germans appeared to have it all their own way. They were delayed by Belgium and yet the progress from Liège to the outskirts of Paris was a wonderfully quick one. It had the effect, however, of still further increasing their arrogance and their belief in the invincibility of their army. The crushing defeat on the Marne must have undeceived the generals, but for a long time the populace accepted the explanation of a strategical movement to the rear. Then on the Aisne they were firmly held and would have been routed altogether but for the cleverness with which they took advantage of certain quarries which served the purpose of natural trenches. Finally, they, at an enormous outlay of men and ammunition, attempted to force a way to Calais, and in that they failed completely. Now the forces under the command of General Joffre have taken the offensive and are steadily, if slowly, pushing the Germans out of Northern France and Belgium.

At sea they have had no better luck. One victory they can place to their credit, but those who vanquished Admiral Cradock are now themselves and their ships at the bottom of the sea, and Great Britain, having disposed of such of the enemy's fleet as were at large, is turning her attention with deadly effect to those ships which have not emerged from harbour. A feature made very conspicuous in the American accounts of Commander Sturdee's battle off the Falkland Islands is the humanity of the victorious British seamen. In the British, Germans have to fight a foe who carries the virtues of mercy and compassion to an almost quixotic length. They had to acknowledge that our seamen took up the wounded at the Bight of Heligoland

at the risk of their own lives. Off the Falkland Islands they offered quarter to each ship before it sank, and Commander Sturdee took the first possible opportunity of praising the gallantry of the enemy.

Our fighting forces made the Christmas of 1914 as memorable as Henry V. made the feast of Crispin Crispian. The Germans never dreamt of being threatened in the fastnesses which they had built on the shores of the North Sea, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven, Emden and the rest. Under the shelter of the fortifications they kept their battle cruisers, as they thought, in complete safety, hoarding them for a day of which they have uttered many threats, when they would open battle on England in air, land and sea simultaneously. On Christmas morning a British flotilla steamed up and down the coast for three hours while the seaplanes which it had transported flew over Cuxhaven, dropping bombs on the military arsenals and the great ships. Zeppelins and aeroplanes came out to the attack, but the former quickly had to disappear before the naval gunnery. Count Zeppelin has not yet obtained the Iron Cross! German seaplanes flew above our vessels and tried to hit them with bombs, but in vain. The daring British airmen stayed till they had discharged their projectiles. Three of them returned in the ships of war, three more were picked up by British submarines who had arranged to wait for them, and, as far as we know at present, there was but one casualty.

ALL SOULS' FLOWER.

A flower hath blossomed in the land,
I wis was planted by no hand,
A Flower so fair, so clear of hue
Ever its leaves are fresh and new.
Come, lords and ladies, see this thing
That groweth for our soul's bettering.

O lovely Flower! blossom and thorn of Mary's bower.

This Flower it is so pretty a thing,
It hath remede for sorrowing;
So pure a sap runneth in its veins,
As shall remove all fret or stains.
Should any man lack heart or mood
Straightway it maketh his losses good.

O Flower of price, sing we, sing we of Paradise.

It hath so gentle a nature;
I trow it groweth in a pasture
Beside some willow-hidden brook,
Wherein all day the skies look?
It groweth for all the world to see,
It groweth by a bitter Tree.

O Flower of grace! that is, for all our sins, solace.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

Very much sympathy will be felt with the distinguished father and mother of the missing aviator. He is the son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mrs. Hewlett, who was the first lady to qualify for a flying licence. Flight Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett got his certificate very young and had already given evidence of being a most daring and skilful pilot. The wrecked seaplane on which he flew was probably hit by a missile from one of the hostile aeroplanes, and if he fell into the sea there is some chance of his survival, and it is permissible to hope that he may be a prisoner in German hands. It is difficult to believe that so resourceful an aviator would not find means to get to the water alive, unless the injury to the seaplane, whether it were caused by a shot or an accident, were of the most serious description. Whatever his fate, his name will ever be enshrined with the others of that gallant band whose daring and patriotism have evoked the admiration of two Continents.

Nothing is more difficult than to follow with precision the movements in the Eastern theatre of war, so vast are the armies engaged, so prolonged the lines on which they contend. We see the surging of a great wave at one point and a retrogression at another, but the general effect escapes us. Yet we all know that Russia is making a most determined and skilful assault upon Germany, and her honour is the greater because she occupies a position different from that of any other belligerent. France is fighting for life and liberty. Great Britain is at war because the integrity of the British Empire is at stake. Belgium and Servia are struggling desperately for the right to live. But Russia alone stands in no fear

of invasion. She is fighting for an ideal, and that is the protection and safeguarding of her Slav kinspeople. It is that noble altruism which lends a peculiar holiness to her war and that has permeated all ranks with the spirit of restraint and self-sacrifice. We do not know of another nation that has ever put such a self-denying ordinance upon itself as is signified by the suppression of the trade in vodka. The Czar's edict was remarkable, but still more so the willing and, indeed, grateful acquiescence of his people.

In the Annual Report for 1913 of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education there is much that is vitally interesting and important. A few examples may be given. The first, and not the least important, is to be found as an appendix on the last page of the Blue Book. It is a table showing the number of recruits inspected and the number of those rejected on inspection for the years between 1907 and 1912. The importance of this table lies in the fact that it applies a practical test to the medical care which has been devoted to children under the new régime. The gratifying feature of the figures lies in the testimony they bear to the steady advance which has been made. There are thirteen causes of rejection of recruits tabulated, and of these there has been a decrease in all but two, and one of them is easily accounted for. In the figures for 1911-12 a wider meaning is given to the word "deafness," which makes an apparent increase in the number of those who suffer from this calamity. Flat feet show an increase from 5.12 per thousand to 7.30 per thousand. The doctors may know, but a layman is unaware of any medical treatment that would prevent this. Impaired constitutions are becoming rarer, that there is less defective vision, fewer cases of eye disease, and nose, mouth and ear disease, and the decay of teeth is not nearly so common; while height, chest measurement and weight are steadily improving.

In the Blue Book itself there are paragraphs which ought to be taken to heart as lessons for all. On page 23, for instance, there is given a summary showing how the ills of childhood increase steadily from the moment when the child comes into the world. The facts supply overwhelming proof that one of the main requirements in this country is more skill and knowledge on the part of those who are mothers or are likely to become mothers. The outstanding feature of the analysis given is, as the writer of the report says, the rapid rise of the volume of disease in each year of life. The large majority of children come into the world healthy, but only the minority get as far as their fifth year without at least one physical defect of some kind. Dr. Forsyth attributes "no considerable share of this widespread deterioration" to maternal ignorance, and this opinion is confirmed by school medical officers in all parts of the country. The moral is that if we do not want to see the children suffering from decayed teeth, enlarged tonsils and rickets before they are five years old, it will be necessary to remove the ignorance of the mother.

It is recommended in the Blue Book that support should be given to the school for mothers or similar institutions in order to secure this end. Mothers should be persuaded to bring their infants regularly for weighing and inspection, and teachers should get into touch with the women, and in a pleasant and friendly manner show them defects and how they should train and feed their babies in order to avoid them. It is an undoubted fact that young wives, both in town and country, in many cases become mothers without having an elementary idea of the manner in which that responsibility should be discharged. Their notions about regulating the child's hours of sleep, of feeding and clothing it, are often crude and mischievous.

There are many statements in the Blue Book which go to show that girls in their own homes are less cleanly than boys. "In no type of defect," says the report, "are girls more subject to adverse conditions in comparison with boys than in regard to uncleanness." Wolverhampton shows the highest percentage of verminousness of the head. It amounts in the girls to eighty-three. The others to whom an unenviable notoriety is given are Salford, St. Helens, Leeds, Gloucester, Cardiff and Bootle. In Durham County 43.9 per cent. of the girl leavers are verminous as compared with .06 per cent. boys. It is gratifying to find, however, that medical inspection is in this respect producing a pronounced effect. Children themselves are beginning to feel ashamed, and the lesson of cleanliness is

being learned by an increasing number in those who are about to leave school.

We have to thank a correspondent who, referring to a statement by Mr. Thomas Hardy that many words which are obsolete or unknown in other parts of Great Britain are still used in Dorset, refers us to an example of the same kind of thing in a book on "The House of Cecil," recently published by Mr. Ravenscroft Dennis. It occurs in a letter sent to William Lord Burghley about 1553. Lord Burghley at the time was suffering from a grave indisposition, and Lord Audley sent him two recipes. One begins thus: "Take a sow-pig of nine days old, and flea him and quarter him, and put him in a stillatory with a handful of spearmint, a handful of red fennel, a handful of liverwort, and half a handful of red nepe. . . ." It is very curious to find the word "nepe" in common usage in the South of England in the sixteenth century. It is still the word for turnip in the North of England.

The modern German is so boastful that he claims his country to have produced the most eminent men in every branch of intellectual activity. This assumption has been very effectively exposed in the *Times*. Professor Sayce shows that there is no more comparison between German and English literature than there is between German and Greek literature. Germany has succeeded in producing only two writers for whom the highest eminence is claimed, namely, Goethe and Schiller; the latter, by the way, is dismissed by Professor Sayce as "a milk-and-water Longfellow." Goethe's eminence has always been frankly acknowledged in this country, and it would be a sorry thing to make the war an occasion of belittling him. But anyone who thinks of the long line of great writers of English, beginning with Chaucer, going on to Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans, then to the incomparable English novelists of the eighteenth century and so to the Victorian Era, will not be tempted into accepting the German claim for more than it is worth.

NIGHTFALL.

Daylight has gone,
The luminous, red leaves are quenched; their flame
Sleeps and alone
Night stands: none knows by what dark way she came.

Her eyes are blind
With tears which may be dreams; she gropes
Onwards on halting feet trying to find
Some path among the trees on the hill-slopes.

Dreams blind her eyes,
She cannot see. Only when the stars come
With faint, delaying light filling the skies
Will her eyes open and the dreams fly home.

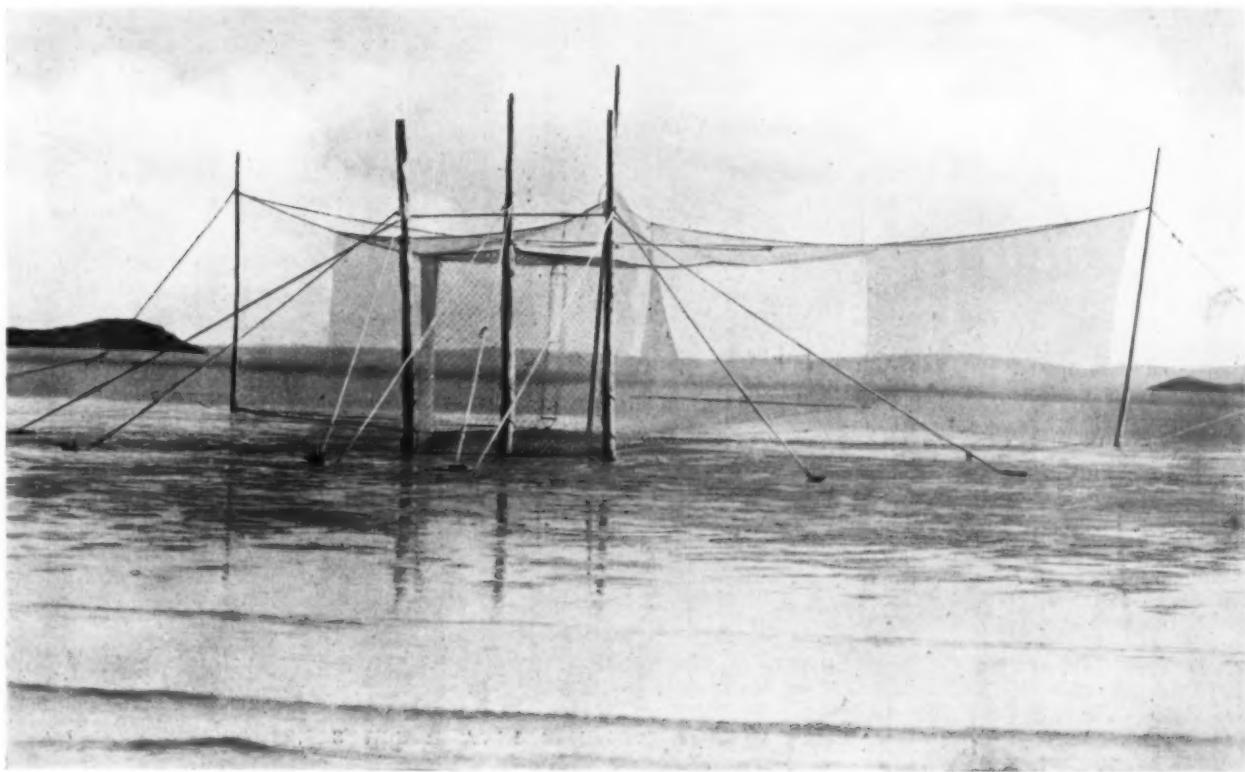
MARGARET SACKVILLE.

In science, Sir Ray Lankester has still more scornfully repelled their claim to precedence. In the great modern science of biology, the greatest name is that of Pasteur, and to set beside his such a name as that of Koch, or even Koch's master, Cohen, is to show a very considerable ignorance. Sir Ray Lankester did no more than justice to the great Frenchman when he described him as the "innovating genius who created and developed a new world of science and a new era of medicine." We shall look in vain in the annals of Teutonic learning for a Darwin, a Newton, a Faraday or a Leplace.

More than one correspondent has written to us recently to say they are suffering from those mosquito bites which were so troublesome in summer. Perhaps some entomologist will explain why these are recurring in midwinter. Is it due to the excessive moisture of December? Or to a long succession of mild weather? That they have done so is a fact beyond the admission of a doubt. On previous occasions we have recommended that all stagnant water should be removed or covered with oil; but this advice is not very acceptable to those who take pleasure in ornamental or lily ponds situated near the house. In their case it has been suggested that bathing with a thin solution of Lysol would act as a preventive. This disinfectant, however, is of German manufacture, and its use is no longer to be recommended, even where it is procurable. Several excellent substitutes have been made, and anyone who has been in the habit of using the German article will have no difficulty in finding an equally efficacious substitute by asking for it at his druggists.

SALMON NETS.

By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.



Miss M. Best.

ON GOSWICK SANDS.

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NO wild animal has been the subject of such frequent legislation—in Scotland certainly, in England probably—as the salmon. Of legislation and litigation; for as it is the nature of a salmon river to have two sides to it, so it is according to human nature that disputes about the fishing should frequently arise between those dwelling on either side thereof. In fact, so inevitable was (and is) this kind of friction that it has supplied the root meaning of our word "rival"—i.e., *rivalis*, one dwelling on a *rivus* or river bank. In the case of a river dividing two nations it is easy to understand how such rivalry tends towards violence and bloodshed, especially considering that, from earliest times, a salmon fishery constituted one of the most valuable forms of real property. The Tweed, from Carham to the sea, was the frontier between England and Scotland from the day when Malcolm II, King of Scots, defeated Eardulph Cudel, Prince of Northumbria, at Carham in 1018, until 1482, when Berwick was finally annexed to the English realm. The river is still the frontier from Carham down to the liberties of Berwick.



Miss M. Best.

A STAKE NET.

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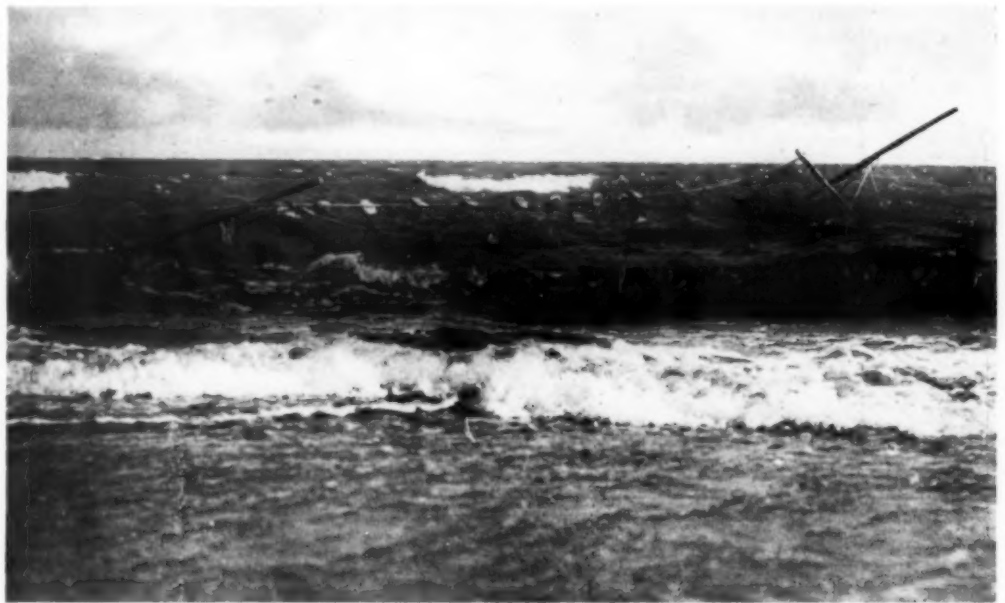
By nature the Tweed is probably the most prolific salmon river in Great Britain; for what old Penicuik describes as its "gently trotting stream" offers no obstacle whatever to the easy ascent of fish to the extensive spawning grounds in the head waters. Were it not so, the river could never have maintained its reputation, nor the fisheries their value, in spite of the gross pollution of some of its chief tributaries, the drastic netting within its channel and along the coast, and the systematic poaching which, season after season, is allowed to thin the ranks of spawning fish. Good anglers sigh profoundly when they reflect what silvery Tweed must once have been, and might be again if it were to receive considerate treatment, such as that, say, to which the Monmouthshire Wye and the Scottish Tay have responded so generously.

It would be difficult now, if not impossible, to trace to its origin the extraordinary arrangement under which the "mouth" of the river Tweed has been legally interpreted as extending for seven miles south of Berwick pierhead, thereby bringing the whole of the coast salmon fishings as far as Goswick and Holy

Island under the provisions of the Tweed Fisheries Act, 1857. The plain meaning of the term "mouth of a river" is its estuary; but there is nothing estuarine in this coast line, which lies quite open to the North Sea. One is inclined to attribute such arbitrary topography to ecclesiastical influence. In the Age of Faith, let us say from the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century, the clergy, both Regulars and Seculars, exerted themselves most successfully in enriching their churches and monasteries by obtaining grants from pious or, at least, penitent laymen. Wielding the powerful lever of plenary absolution, they also enjoyed a practical monopoly in their ability to read and write, which gave them great advantage in drafting the terms of bargains with illiterate barons and other laymen. Bearing this in mind, therefore, it is not surprising to find that from very early times almost the whole of the salmon fishings on the English bank of the Tweed from Carham downwards to Berwick, and thence along the coast as far south as Holy Island, belonged to the Bishop of Durham, forming part of his estates as Count Palatine. The revenue from these fisheries must have been very considerable, for, besides the salmon consumed by the bishop's household

Scotland it was customary for the monarch or, as in the case of the Bishop of Durham, the feudal owner to grant perpetual possession of several fisheries to individuals, municipal corporations and religious houses.

Confining attention to the south or English side of the river, the earliest extant writings conveying property in Tweed fishings are two writs by Ralph Flambard, Bishop



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A BAG NET IN A ROUGH SEA.

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of Durham, between A.D. 1099 and 1128, granting to the Church of St. Cuthbert the lands and fishings of Haliwarstelle (now Hallowstell) and Eldredene (now Allerdean). Hallowstell is the nearest fishery in the Tweed to the sea, except Sandstell. Of old there were three principal kinds of net used in the Tweed.

The stell net was fastened to the shore at one end; the fishermen rowed out with it and anchored it in the river at the other end. They then took their boat to the middle of the net, which one of them took hold of. When he felt a fish strike the net he signalled to his mates; the anchor was lifted, the men ashore began to haul in the net, and the boat was rowed to land. This must have been a clumsy and laborious process. Far lazier and more deadly was the ring or bob net, which was on the principle of an ordinary trammel or hang net, set far into the river from the shore and catching every fish that struck it by the gills. The third kind of net was the wear-shot or net and coble, which is now the



Miss M. Best.

TWO SALMON IN THE NET.

Copyright.

and supplied, probably at preferential prices, to the various religious houses in Norham and Islandshire (constituting the episcopal County Palatine of Durham), there was a large export trade in salted salmon.

The fishings on the north bank of the Tweed formed, like all other salmon fishings in Scotland, part of the monarch's private patrimony; but both in England and

only one which is legal to use within the river; but in modern times it has been rendered far more effective than of yore by mechanical appliances for shooting and hauling it. No salmon entering the river between February 14th and September 15th has any more than the feeblest chance of reaching the upper waters. It is true that there is a weekly close time of thirty-six hours; but



Miss M. Best.

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UNLACING TOP OF NET TO GET THE FISH OUT.

inasmuch as nets are plied incessantly during the remaining 132 hours in each week throughout the whole course of the river as high as Coldstream, fish entering the river during the close time cannot escape the nets between Tillmouth and Lees. The result is that the Tweed has ceased to be of much account as an angling river during the spring and summer seasons, and, to keep the upper proprietors in good humour, the open season for rods has been extended to the end of



Miss M. Best. A TWENTY-NINE POUNDER.

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November, by which time salmon are gravid and unseasonable. Fishing with net and coble, deadly as it has been rendered by mechanical appliances, requires to be worked by men, and pretty hard work it is. But the coast on either side of the estuary bristles with stake nets and bag nets, which, having once been set up, work automatically, and the fishermen have only to visit them when the tide permits and take out the fish. The stake net is formed by stretching walls of net along two rows of poles fixed in the sand. Salmon swimming with the tide strike the net wall, which leads them through a series of narrow openings into the "court"—a veritable death chamber—where they remain till the falling tide enables the fisherman to collect them. In deeper water another form of fixed engine is employed, called a bag net. In general principle it is similar to the stake net, but the structure is less rigid, and is better adapted for rough, strong water. The day cannot be far distant when the splendid resources of the Tweed as a salmon river must succumb to the tremendous strain put upon them by the double tax of river and sea fisheries. This was strongly conveyed in the report of a Royal Commission in 1896, which recommended as a minimum of restriction that the weekly close time for all nets should be forty-eight instead of thirty-six hours; that no draft or wear shot net be worked across the whole or three-fourths of any river at any point within 100 yds. of any other net, and that all net fishing be prohibited except in tidal waters.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

MEMORIES OF SMITHFIELD.

IF there is one fixture that the countryman cares for in London it is the Smithfield Club Show; that is why on the Monday morning I made an early call at the Agricultural Hall to see the livestock before they were brought out. I began at the Devons. What was there here a dozen years ago? They were either great, big cattle, worth half a year's rent to the farmers who bred them, or they were smaller animals of symmetrical proportions. Now they were fairly uniform. The merging of the North Devon and Somerset types of the breed has been nearly completed. Away from the breed that has its habitat amid the tors and water meadows of Devon to the next. This was the whitefaces from the red sands of Hereford, a notable feature at Smithfield. Why is it that the body colours become more contrasting each year? There is a light bright red with a nice curl in the hair, and standing close beside it is a dark red, nearly maroon, with hair as straight as some shorthorns. There is a bit of unevenness in these classes.

The next were the reds, whites and roans. Which would it be here? Not so long ago there were big, weighty steers in these classes, wide over the pins, deep in the thighs; now we have more compact animals, hardly so weighty. It is not everyone who would sacrifice such a splendid bull calf as Mr. Cazallet's Newtonian must have been. Here was an example that pedigree does tell. Scotch blood was evidently the foundation of success in the shorthorn section. A breed all alike in colour, in spread of horn, and remarkably level over the backs were the Cherry Reds or Sussex from the chalk downs. Of later years they have tended to put on flesh towards the hocks a bit more than in the days gone by. Why is it that this breed lacks mellowness and generally handles hard? Is it this that still keeps them from the leading honours at this show? One is more reminded of dairy show and milk yields when looking at the Red Polls, and near by we hear someone remark, "Oh, that is not natural, you know." Why is it that an Aberdeen Angus steer is rarely handsome, but that the heifers generally are—perhaps not so much this year as in the days of Benton Bride and Minx of Glamis? Now, it is not a question of habitat as much as preparation, as the champion beast of the show, an Aberdeen Angus heifer, was bred and fed in Gloucestershire. Not so many years ago the other polled breed, the Galloways, were well represented, but now the classes are getting smaller. Year by year careful breeding and selection is improving the Welsh. They are evidently loyal to the land of their birth, for there are no exhibitors of this breed from outside it. A glance at the most picturesque breed in the show, the Highland breed, with their rough, shaggy coats, their wide spreading horns. But note the vandalism of modernity; some of these are actually exhibited as being polled. There are still some pure breeds left, the Dexters. Did these obtain their symmetry in the olden days from the model North Devon?

The judging was proceeding as I still wandered on to inspect the true skill of men in mating for the production of crossbreds. There were not so many blue greys as have been present in previous years, if the whole of the crossbred section was taken. But in the first crosses it was mainly shorthorn Aberdeen Angus crosses that did the trick in obtaining the prize money. The sheep pens were much as usual, except that the long woolled championship went for the first time to a pen of



A. E. Astington.

COLD WORK FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Copyright.

Scotch mountain sheep, a pen of Leicesters being reserve. It is a long time since the Lincolns suffered such a defeat as this. In pigs the Tamworths had done well; but the endeavour to breed spotted pigs from pure breds in the cross-bred section was not very successful.

E. W.

TYPES OF HUNTERS.

IN visiting different countries to see how hunting is going on in these difficult times, it occurred to me that we are accustomed to speak and write of the English hunter, but that this name covered a great many different types of horses having this in common, that all of them had more or less of thoroughbred blood in them. One type I had already seen in Leicestershire, the blood horse, rather short in the back and high on the leg. This was one sort. Then, when I paid a visit to the Duke of Beaufort's country, I found that the horses had more substance, were shorter on the leg, but still showing a great deal of quality. Substance without heaviness was the type, the sort of big horse that, as the dealers say,

rides "like a pony" and is often as clever. In another provincial country I found a horse of an altogether coarser type, but a very good hunter nevertheless. But I noted in this country, where the horses are bred for their own riding by a race of substantial farmers, that some blood horses ridden by a local dealer with a turn for steeplechasing did quite as well as the coarser horses in the somewhat cramped and "pewy" country when once they were accustomed to it. The blood horse is so adaptable. I recollect the Master of a provincial country not too easy to cross by reason of its banks who used to buy horses for his own riding from Melton, and I have seen the new importations going quite comfortably over the rough banks overgrown with thorn within a fortnight of their first arrival. I should very much like to know the comparative value of these different types at the front. I should expect horses from Hunts like the York and Ainsty, the Belvoir, the Duke of Beaufort's and the V.W.H. to be the best. One is led to the conclusion that each hunting country develops the type of horse best suited for it. This selection by hunting is of immense value to horse breeding. It gives, or might give, a lead to the

Government as to the lines on which to encourage horse breeding. The various types of English hunter, each valuable in its place and the sphere of action suited to its powers, would soon cease to exist were it not for the necessity for horses to cross the different countries. This selection acts in two ways through local breeders, who breed horses for their own riding and with a view of selling them. Quite a large number of horses that are bred in the Hunts I know best (and, doubtless, in others) find their way quietly into local stables and never come into the market at all. This is one way of selection. Then the other is through the dealers. These men search all over England and Ireland for horses of the types required by their customers in various Hunts and thus encourage the breeding of these sorts of horses in the districts suitable for them. This suggests to us a desirable reform in the distribution of Government stallions. These horses should not be scattered about, but should be sent to those districts which breed the best types of hunter. We can never make a mistake in any breeding district by sending them plenty of cheap thoroughbred horses—cheap, I mean, to the breeder, but not necessarily to the buyer. The weedy, flat-sided horses, of which we see so many at Islington, are no good. I noted last year what a number looked to be on the leg. I do not believe that positive length of limb is any drawback to a horse, but many horses have the appearance of being leggy, not because of an unusual length of limb, but because the horses are shallow in the barrel—a fault

in any horse wanted for war or hunting. It should, however, be borne in mind that a horse in training looks far higher on the leg than he is in reality. For if we measure race-horses, we shall find that, taking certain winning horses in training, our measurements will give remarkable results. The foreleg, from the elbow to the ground, will only measure the height of the hoof more than from the wither to the brisket. That is, as stallions they would probably look to be on fairly short legs. Thus, when a stallion at a show looks to be on the leg, we may fairly suspect him of being too shallow in body. It is the use of such horses that gives us so many weeds.

I know of no country where it is more possible to see the formative influence of the country on the hunters ridden than the Duke of Beaufort's. There is a good deal of variety in the country hunted over by the Duke's hounds, but most of it has two common characteristics—the going is deep, even on the grass, in wet weather, and the fences are big and rather straggling. There are the light plough and stone walls of the Tetbury district; but, still, plough is plough, and stone walls take some jumping. Three qualities are necessary in the hunters for this country—power of loins and quarters in order to jump out of one stodgy field and to land in another; the horse must be temperate and it must have courage; for it is necessary for the most part to go steadily at one's fences, and the horse needs courage for the heavy places.

X.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MESS, WOOLWICH, AND ITS BIG GAME TROPHIES.

THE mess-room of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, to give it its full title, at Woolwich, was built just over a century ago, and at that time constituted the whole mess, it being the custom, apparently, for the officers to assemble there and dine at six o'clock, sit at table till about ten, and then go home. There was no need in those days, therefore, for ante-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc., which have been added from time to time as required, the result necessarily being that the various rooms have been thrown together in somewhat haphazard fashion. At the present time, however, the accommodation is taxed to its utmost extent, and many years must have passed since the mess has presented such a scene of activity.

The mess-room is of noble proportions, with very fine doors, and contains a number of noteworthy portraits, including King Edward VII by Luke Fildes, the



PAMIR OR MARCO POLO'S ARGALI (No. 10).



LECHWE (No. 1).



REEDBUCK (No. 6).

Duke of Cambridge by Cope, and a gift portrait of Queen Victoria, dated 1861. In the suite of rooms just off the mess-room is a unique round table some 7 ft. in diameter, in one solid piece of Australian hardwood with a finely polished surface. The card-room on the first floor has, again, a number of portraits, mostly of well known Artillery officers, including Lord Raglan, Sir Patrick Montgomery, Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, Field-Marshal Hugh, Viscount Gough, Lieutenant-General Lord Blomfield, Field-Marshal Sir H. G. Ross, Lieutenant-General Sir Archdale Wilson, Sir Henry Lawrence, Francis first Marquess of Hastings, and last, but not least, Colonel Noble, who raised the Madras Artillery. *Habités* of the room will be familiar with "The Race," as represented by four of the above noted portraits, which have been designated by some irreverent subaltern: (1) "They're

off"; (2) "The favourite's beat"; (3) "Well I'm —"; (4) "I can't pay."

The "silent room" is also of more than ordinary interest, containing as it does a portrait of Lieutenant-General

plate, by the way, is not in evidence at present, having been put away in store at the commencement of the war. Under a glass case are two of a set of eight volumes of an atlas painted and illuminated by hand, this copy being remarkable for a title page dedicating the work to Oliver Cromwell, and a melancholy interest is also attached to the medals and decorations of the late General Sir James Grierson, which were left by him to the Royal Artillery Headquarters Mess, and will, it goes without saying, be greatly treasured at Woolwich.

The trophies are for the most part displayed in the outer and inner entrance halls, also in a gallery at the top of the staircase, with a few on the walls of the ante-room. There has been some attempt at arranging them according to locality, specimens from Africa being placed more or less together, while those from India are grouped in another part. The general effect that strikes one on a survey of the collection as a whole is that, while they are a fairly level and representative lot of heads, there are few, if any, outstanding specimens which

at once challenge attention or lay claim to approaching record measurements. The first exhibit that attracts notice on entering the hall is a very fine, single elephant's tusk, 9ft. 5½in. in length, with a girth of 18in., shot by Lieutenant H. De Prée, R.H.A., on the Tana River in 1899. As the record measurement for a tusk is given as 9ft. 10½in., this one fairly holds its own. Just opposite is a fine moose head,



MARKHOR (NO. 3).



IMPALA (NO. 5).

Albert Borgard, "of an Honorable and ancient family in Denmark," to which is added the following inscription: "To the conspicuous talents of this gallant officer Great Britain stands indebted for having reduced to a regular system the science of the service of Artillery, and also for the Formation and Establishment of the Regiment."

Lieutenant-General Borgard commenced his military career in Denmark, and eventually found himself in the British Service under King William in 1692. He is reputed to have taken part in eighteen battles and twenty-four sieges, and died at the good old age of ninety-two on February 17th, 1751. A portrait of his second-in-command, Lieutenant-General Jonas Watson, also hangs in this room. This distinguished officer was the possessor of some very high-sounding titles, including those of "Chief Bombardier of England" and "Master Gunner of Whitehall and St. James' Park." Curiously enough, the latter title was, we believe, held by the late Lord Roberts, and it would seem a pity if that of "Chief Bombardier of England" has fallen out of use.

In the adjoining room is a life-like portrait of our late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, painted by Oules in 1882. He is dressed in an Afghan poshteen, and notwithstanding the side-whiskers the likeness is a very striking one even to those who had only seen him in recent years.

Other portraits worth noticing include that of Major Norman Ramsay, who was killed at Waterloo, and a fine pastel of "Samson"—Lord Eardley, who was the donor of some valuable plate to the mess. The



SABLE ANTELOPE (NO. 2).



MARKHOR (NO. 8).

"presented to the R.A. Mess by officers of Canadian Militia attending Army Manœuvres, 1913."

Among the African heads which have been selected for reproduction are the Lechwé, an antelope from the

Upper Zambesi region, shot by Captain Grieve, R.A. This antelope is a swamp liver with horns like a koodoo in miniature, and abnormally elongated hoofs which enable him to skim over the surface of morasses. Then we have a sable antelope and a reedbuck both lent by Captain Grieve; also an impala from the Loieta Plains, shot by Captain the Hon. O. H. Stanley, R.H.A.

Turning to the Asiatic specimens there is a fine Pamir, or Marco Polo's Argali (illustrated), also several fairly good heads of the Kashmir ibex, one of which, shot by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Tennant R.A., is also shown; of the two selected heads of markhor, one was shot by Captain Grieve, R.A., and the goral, in Chamba State, by Major C. B. Levita, R.H.A., in 1894. The measurements of the goral are good and apparently, constituted a record at that time, but one or two slightly larger heads are recorded in the latest edition of Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game." We looked in vain for a good specimen of an Indian bison; and the Kashmir stag (barasingha) and other Indian stags, such as the sambar and chital, are not adequately represented. It should be possible to supply these omissions without much difficulty, thus greatly adding to the completeness of the collection.

The last illustration is that of a Canadian blacktail, presented by Colonel R. Bazett, Bengal Artillery. This is the common deer of Vancouver Island, and is plentiful in the deep and thick timber of the forests in the islands along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver to Alaska. This particular specimen, as will be noticed, has the mark of a bullet through one of its horns. It is not an uncommon occurrence to hit a stag on the base of the horn, and it has happened to the writer on more than one occasion to roll a stag over apparently dead, only to get up shortly afterwards and go off not much the worse, except for a headache!

Appendix giving particulars, measurement, etc., of the heads reproduced:

1. *Lechuck antelope* (*Kobus [Onotragus] leche*).—Locality, Upper Zambesi. Presented by Captain Grieve, R.A.

2. *Sable antelope* (*Hippotragus niger*).—Length, 42½ in.; tip to tip, 17 in.; base girth, 10 in. Captain Grieve, R.A.

3. *Markhor* (*Capra falconeri cashmeriensis*).—Length on outside curve, 45 in.; tip to tip, 34 in.

4. *Asiatic ibex* (*Capra sibirica*).—Length on curve, 48 in.; tip to tip, 27 in.; girth, 11 in. Lieutenant-Colonel C. Tennant Carré, R.A.

5. *Impala* (*Epyceros melampus*).—Length, 28½ in.; tip to tip, 15½ in.; girth, 5½ in. Locality, Loieta Plains. Captain the Hon. O. H. Stanley, R.H.A.

6. *Bohor Reedbuck* (*Cervicapra redunca donaldsoni*).—Length, 14½ in.; tip to tip, 18 in.; girth, 5½ in. Captain Grieve, R.A.

7. *Black-tailed deer* (*Magama [odocoileus] columbiana*).—Colonel R. Bazett, Bengal Artillery.

8. *Markhor* (*Capra falconeri cashmeriensis*).—Length on outside curve, 43 in.; tip to tip, 38 in. Captain Grieve, R.A.

9. *Goral* (*Nemorhaedus goral*).—Length, 8 in.; tip to tip, 3½ in.; girth, 3½ in. Locality, Chamba State. Major C. B. Levita, R.H.A.

10. *Pamir or Marco Polo's argali* (*Ovis ammon poli*).—Length of horn, 63 in.; tip to tip, 5 in.; girth, 15 in.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.



GORAL (NO. 9).



ASIATIC IBEX (NO. 4).



CANADIAN BLACK-TAIL (NO. 7).

A SIDE GLANCE AT CURLING.

A NEW book on curling, accurately named "The Complete Curler" (A. and C. Black), comes from the pen of Mr. J. Gordon Grant. Of the numerous chapters which form its contents it is not too much to say that every one of them is of value to the curler, and that much in the book is of interest to the more general reader. Of the origin of the game Mr. Grant has to admit that "the antiquarians are not able to tell." It is probable that the first boy who saw a sheet of smooth ice waiting for his attack cast the first stone; and his neighbour boy tried to better his effort, either in distance or accuracy. As far as boys are concerned, this itch has gone on through all the years, and is probably the origin of curling. Mr. Grant hints at a Flemish origin, and this opens up a point of some interest. Dr. Jamieson derives the name of the game from the Teutonic *krullen* or *krullen*, and observes that "the game, it would appear, is known in the Low Countries." In the same way it has been suggested that golf came to us from the Dutch, but this view is now much open to doubt. Curling we know was in full swing in Scotland in the seventeenth century,

and we have many pictures of winter sports from the artists of the Low Countries during this period. We have ice pictures by Hendrick Avercamp (1585—1663), by Van der Neer (1603—1677), by Vanderveer, by Van de Velden and others of the same time.

In these we see the sleighs drawn by horses carrying the more important ladies to the glad scene; we see the boat-like sleigh in which a man drives himself over the ice in the manner of an oarsman; we see the circle cut in the ice to enable the anglers to use their baits—to "ply their art" would be an exaggeration; and then we see the golfers, not, indeed, playing at a hole, but rather at the curler's "tee" or "cock," as Burns calls the mark. But, as far as I know, we see no sign of the curler in these pictures which seem specially framed to contain him. We have the ice and the tee already set; but the man is striking at the mark with club and ball. We know that the early curling stones were boulders washed to a suitable shape by the spate of the swift streams of the North; it may be that the slower rivers of the Low Countries afforded no such suggestive missiles. There is a picture in Vienna by Breughel the elder, an Early Flemish painter of the sixteenth century, which shows an interesting scene of country life in winter. In the middle ground we see two ice-covered ponds. On one of these the skaters are enjoying their graceful exercises; on the other, the figures seem to be engaged in some sort of ball throwing or stone throwing on the ice. I have only seen the picture in a small print; and as the frozen ponds are a long way from the foreground, the figures are necessarily very small. It would be interesting to know if anyone has examined the original with a glass and can connect this picture with the game of curling. I have friends in Vienna who would gladly give me information; but the time is not yet.

Dr. Johnson visited St. Andrews in August, 1773, and there is an apocryphal account of his examination of the links. Toward the end of the day it is stated that he was accidentally struck by a golf ball. "Sir," he said to Boswell, "you have brought me to a strange place of singular manners. I did not believe, sir, that in His Majesty's dominions there was any district so barbarous, and so perilous to travellers." Boswell, finding him in this mood, and observing that he grasped his staff in a menacing manner, is reported to have withdrawn to a neighbouring tavern. It is not difficult to guess what would have been the

Doctor's attitude towards the "roaring" game had he been privileged to see it played. His "Tour" started in mid-August and he shook the dust of Scotland off his feet in mid-November, and probably never saw the game; at any rate, he gives it no place in his Dictionary.

Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, published some five and twenty years later, gives us several interesting notes on curling in the seventeenth century. From the letters of Robert Baillie, who, I believe, was "skip" of Glasgow University, and wrote about 1638, Jamieson quotes the following with reference to the Bishop of Orkney: "Orkney's process came first before us. He was a *curler* on the Sabbath-day." Mr. Grant adds to Jamieson's quotation that there was this also put against the Bishop: "That he oversaw adulterie, slighted charming, neglected preaching and doing of any good there." This is not a good character

which His Grace of Orkney receives, and, though his faults are negatively described, he is not presented as a conscientious overseer of Orcadian morals. But the "curler on the Sabbath-day" was probably a better man than he was painted by Baillie, who is known to have been a much biassed chronicler; and his recreation we may believe was taken after "the time of the sermons." It is not until 1771, Mr. Grant tells us, that we find the first description of the game; it comes from the pen of a poet, Graeme of Lanarkshire: his verses picture the game with considerable minuteness and precision. But now we are not far in point of time from Burns and the immortal "Elegy on Tam Samson"; and afterwards writers on Curling come tumbling over each other, poets on poets, recorders on recorders. The technical parts of Mr. Grant's book are of much interest, but open out too wide a field for discussion here.

J. L. Low.

A ROMANTIC RACE OF DOGS.

A FEW weeks ago, in writing of Miss Goodall's Newfoundlanders, I mentioned that those dogs and St. Bernards were the only two breeds that could be actually classed as life-savers, although individuals of many other breeds have rendered the highest service to humanity. It is appropriate, therefore, that the

Newfoundland photographs should be followed promptly by some of their companions in well doing. When considering the St. Bernard, it is hard for me to rid my mind of the impressions created in my boyhood days. In those happy times the breed was on the crest of a boom which was forcing prices up to remarkable figures, and daily papers and magazines teemed with stories that caused me to invest these noble giants with all sorts of beautiful qualities. To me they were perfect knights, ever ready to succour those in distress, even at the cost of their own lives. Not being particularly critical, then, and, of course, without experience necessary to enable me to institute comparisons, I thought old Plinlimmon, as I saw him



T. Fall.

OAKWORTH OSIRIS.

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reposing on his bench at a show, the very finest animal that ever lived. Perhaps if he were put side by side with some of the modern representatives of the race, my opinion might undergo a severe revulsion; but be that as it may, I like cherishing the picture of the dog as I saw him through the eyes of youth. As knowledge grows, the feelings entertained in more unsophisticated days become obliterated or blurred, as a rule, but in this case memory of my uneducated views remains

unimpaired, and I take it that my thoughts of five and twenty years ago concerning St. Bernards are still shared by the general public who love dogs for their own sake, and not for the perfection of the points they exhibit. Thus, at any considerable show, one may be reasonably certain that the chief sensation will be created by the supremely dignified and imposing occupants

of the St. Bernard benches. This in itself is not surprising, since great size supplemented by an expression of benevolence is bound to appeal to the imagination. In proffering the remark that immense improvements have been effected in the period that has intervened between the middle of last century and the present day I am venturing upon delicate ground, rendering myself vulnerable to the onslaughts of the utilitarians, who will tell me that the massive creatures with which we are now familiar are less suited to the performance of kindly offices on the Pass of the Great St. Bernard than were the smaller, less profusely coated dogs from which ours have sprung. This contention, I admit, is perfectly true, the natural rejoinder

being that our St. Bernards will never be used for such duties. Mr. Fred Gresham has told us that the British dogs are descended from those discarded by the monks as being unfitted for their work on account of their heavy coats, which became badly clogged with snow, but he adds the further remark that our best importations have been smooth coated.

We may further dismiss from our minds the idea, cherished by many writers, that this breed has existed in its purity for five

or six hundred years. Mr. Percy Manning, whose indefatigable researches put us under an obligation, has shattered that illusion for ever, his conclusion being that its origin goes back no further than 1790. True, dogs were employed at the Hospice a century or so before that date, but the race had practically become extinct, and the modern exponents were probably established on crosses between the native sheep-dog (schäferhund or sennen-hund) and the Great Dane, while a Newfoundland was also used. Hence the rough-coated specimens. Travellers and naturalists at the beginning of the nineteenth century have left on record many allusions to the Hospice and its canine inmates. Hitherto I have not read any conjectures as to who conferred the present name. Landseer's picture of Lion, a richly coloured smooth, was described as an "Alpine Mastiff," but later a painting of two of his offspring, Cora and Caesar, now in the National Gallery, bore the title of "The Dogs of St. Bernard." Turning back to the old catalogues of the 1871-2 shows at the Crystal Palace, I note that Mr. Gresham was then among the exhibitors. Many of the dogs traced back to the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald's Tell, and others had been imported direct, Mr. Schumacher being a prominent exporter. Greater latitude was allowed in the printed descriptions than is permitted nowadays. Thus, Mr. Augustus Smith said of his Monk: "Bred by the monks of St. Bernard, at the Hospice. This dog was brought direct by exhibitor from the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard, Switzerland, in July 1871. The age is certified in exhibitor's passport case by the chief monk in charge in the presence of an English magistrate." Mr. J. H. Murchison, F.R.G.S., as though the fact were something out of the common, stated that his Thoro measured 3 in. to the top of shoulders. This sprang from a dog that won at Paris in 1867. It must be somewhat difficult to elucidate the pedigrees of that period owing to the number of Lions, Leos and Tells that abounded. Mr. Gresham puts



HEAD OF CORSETTE.



T. Fall.

HEAD OF OAKWORTH ORIANA.

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the weight of the first Tell at about 150lb., which would make him look small by the side of some of the giants that have turned the scale at upwards of 220lb.

This week's beautiful illustrations depict several representative modern dogs. Miss A. J. Field of Oakworth, near Keighley, may not have a very large kennel, but at least it can claim to be thoroughly typical. Oakworth Osiris and Oakworth Oriana are of the same litter, by Champion Viking of Teviotdale ex Orita of Oakworth. Born in April of 1912, they are home-bred. Osiris should have gone to America when eight months old, but, through a misunderstanding that his owner now probably considers fortunate, he did not sail. He has developed into one of the best smooths living, his splendidly balanced proportions being sufficient to mark him out for pre-eminence in alliance with his fine soundness, his charming colour and his noble head properties. All through he teems with quality. Coming out as a puppy at Manchester in 1913, he was first in all his classes, since when he has won numerous firsts and two challenge certificates. Oriana has done well at her only three shows, her chief performance being at the last Cruft's, where she was awarded the challenge certificate. Her head is a study, displaying all the points most desired. She is also straight, and of good colour. Corsette is a huge rough bitch, probably one of the tallest of her sex at present. She also has done a considerable amount of winning, including the challenge certificates at Manchester in 1912-13. As a breeder she is famous for producing Champion Benefactor and other notabilities.

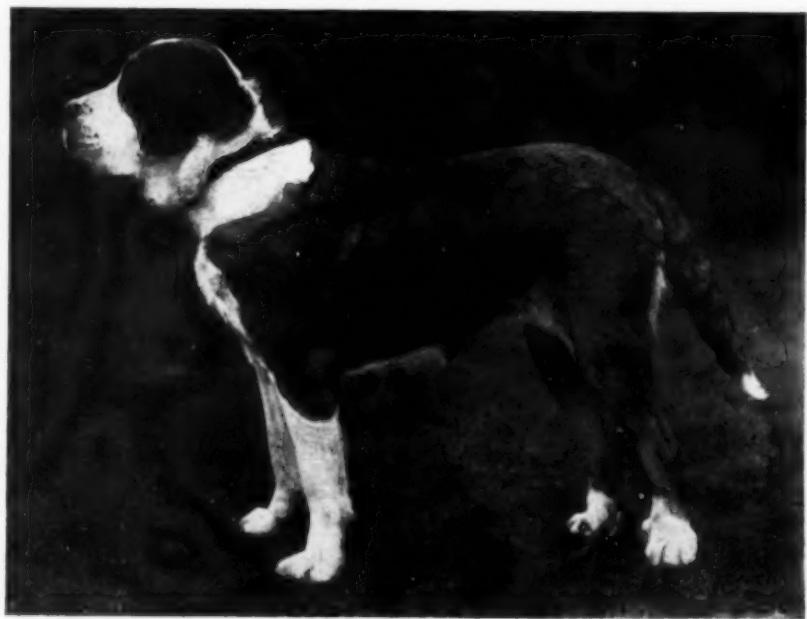
Miss Field has been breeding St. Bernards since 1903, in which year she purchased two rough puppies by the late Champion Florentius from Mrs. Jagger. The following year they appeared at Birmingham as Oakworth Guide and Oakworth Abbess, the dog being placed second in the novice class. The bitch, although not quite up to exhibition standard, proved invaluable as a matron. Next came Chantrell's Pride, by Champion Lord Chantrell out of Lady Chantrell, and a grandson of Champion Viola. Mated to Abbess, he sired Miss Field's well known rough, Champion Oakworth Orion, who, along with the smooth, Champion Country Squire, subsequently acquired, took all before them, securing seventeen challenge certificates between them in three years, as well as three valuable cups. Orion, being exported to America, soon became a champion there under the name of Orion of Hercuveen. He also proved most successful at the stud, one of his puppies, Hercuveen Jack, being described as the best-headed dog ever seen in the United States. He was considered so super-excellent that his owner was asked to preserve a model of his head. Dying soon afterwards, breeders lost the opportunity of studying him in maturity. Miss Field has been particularly happy in the stock she has sent to America, many spreading abroad the fame of the Oakworth strain. She attributes her success, as most others must do, I imagine, to careful and judicious mating, although many, even in these enlightened times, fail to recognise the importance of line breeding. Concerning the rearing of puppies, she points out the danger of rickets supervening if the youngsters are exposed to damp or draughts, or are subjected to injudicious feeding. If every care is used, she remarks, there is no reason why puppies of this breed should be any more difficult to rear than any other. She has no special method, beyond those indicated, of growing them straight on their legs. A little lime-water is given, and their food consists of that most calculated to form bone. Upon this matter of using limewater may I express my preference for the precipitated phosphate of lime, for this reason. Limewater actually contains less lime than cow's milk, and, consequently, to add it to the latter, as is so often done, is but to decrease the supply. "Great Dane," in his invaluable monograph on



CORSETTE, MISS FIELD'S ROUGH ST. BERNARD.



A SMOOTH ST. BERNARD, OAKWORTH OSIRIS.



T. Fall.

OAKWORTH ORIANA.

Copyright.

feeding, has also pointed out that rickets is not always due to a deficiency of lime salts in the system. It may be that more fat is needed, which can be supplied by cod-liver oil and cream. In the most favourable circumstances puppies of the heavier varieties have a habit of going wrong on their legs, even without any pronounced rachitic tendencies, the great weight they have to carry before the bone has matured being a common cause of crookedness in front or cow-hocks behind. As a matter

of fact, I doubt if rickets is as prevalent as many suppose, mere malformation of the bone of the leg frequently being ascribed to this cause, whereas other symptoms of a pronounced character are to be expected, such as considerable enlargement of the joints, knotting of the ribs, distended abdomen, swollen skull and malformation of the jaws. Another week, perhaps, I may deal more fully with a subject that is of distinct importance to all breeders of animals, poultry and birds.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN BERRY FRUITS.

WHEN the now well known Loganberry, raised in America by Judge Logan, was introduced to this country in 1897 it is doubtful if anyone realised what an important bearing it would have on the cultivation of hardy fruit in the United Kingdom. Its vigorous growth and free-cropping qualities soon gave it a large following, with the result that to-day it may be found in nearly every garden of importance. Naturally keen market fruit growers were not slow to realise its possibilities, and in the Evesham Valley and other important districts large areas are now devoted to it. Owing to their large size and general resemblance to Raspberries the fruits are eagerly sought after by jam and preserve manufacturers, and in the retail shops during the season it is not uncommon to see them offered as Raspberries. There is little doubt that a great deal of the "Raspberry" jam now sold consists largely of the Loganberry. All this, however, is intended as an introduction to several other fruits of the same class. Good and wholesome as it is, the Loganberry has its defects. The two most serious are its acidity and the hard core that remains inside when the fruit is gathered. As soon as its possibilities and defects were realised a few fruit growers set to work to remedy them, with the result that during the last few years several hybrids between it and the Raspberry and Blackberry respectively have been raised. The first of these, if memory serves me aright, was the Laxtonberry, raised some seven years ago by Messrs. Laxton by crossing the Loganberry with Raspberry Superlative. The result was a plant midway in vigour between the two, producing fruit much sweeter than that of the Loganberry, though not equal to that of the Raspberry, and without the objectionable hard core. Unfortunately this Laxtonberry is hardly so fertile as one would wish, but if planted in close proximity to the Loganberry or kindred fruits this partial sterility is very largely overcome.

A more prolific fruit, and one that promises to become an exceedingly valuable one for private gardens and market-growers,

is the Newberry, also said to be the result of crossing the Loganberry with Raspberry Superlative. It is nearly as vigorous in growth as the Loganberry, the canes attaining a length of from 10ft. to 15ft., while its fruits, which are without the objectionable hard core when plucked, are quite sweet enough for dessert and excellent for preserving. When exhibited in London last year fruiting canes of this Newberry created quite a mild sensation, and there is little doubt but that it is destined to become one of the fruits of the future. The first of the crosses between the Loganberry and the Blackberry or Bramble of any consequence was the Lowberry, fruits of which were first shown at Holland House Show in London about five years ago. These are well over 1in. in length, jet black and very luscious. At the time they were shown some doubts were expressed as to the plant's cropping possibilities in the open, but having grown it outdoors for the last four years, I can affirm that fears as to its sterility need not be entertained. It cannot, however, be considered a heavy cropper, and for that reason I do not think it

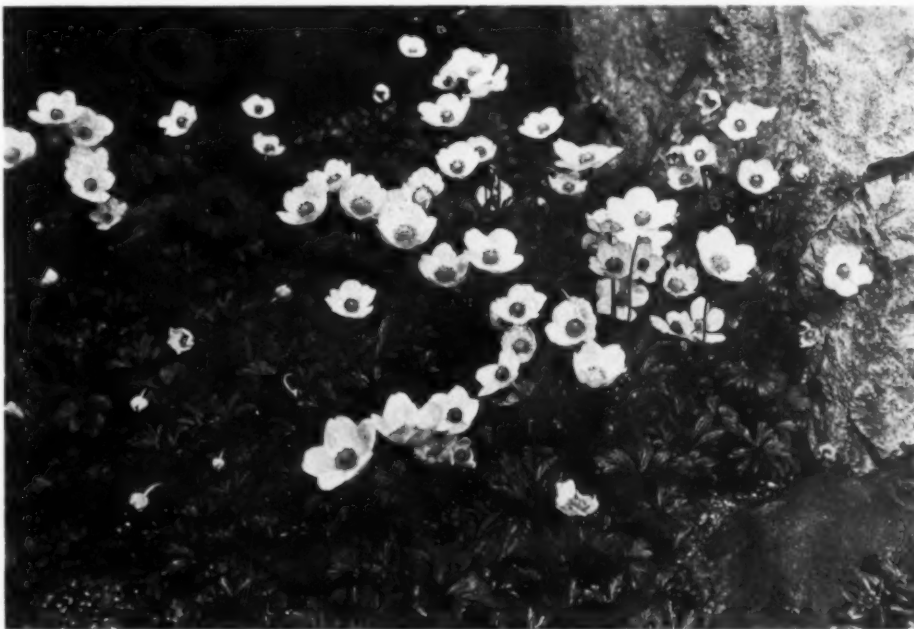
will ever be of service for market purposes. But for private gardens, where the plants can have ample room to spread their vigorous shoots, it will be a very welcome addition. The fruits ripen from early July well into August, and I have never tasted better preserve than they make. Another Logan-Blackberry cross of more recent introduction is the Mahdi. This I have not grown, but by what I have seen of it, think it will prove a better cropper than the Lowberry. The fruits are round and deep purple in colour, of good flavour, and in season at the end of July. It should prove a very useful addition indeed. Several other berries of this class have been shown during recent years, but those named have so far proved the best. There is no doubt that more work can still be done in improving this type of berries, but all that I have mentioned are well worth growing.

Their cultivation is very simple, and in each case similar to that accorded the Loganberry. They need good soil so that vigorous growths can be produced, and each year, after the fruit is gathered, the rods on which it was borne must be cut out and the new ones that have been pushed up from the base retained, as these are the growths that will produce fruit the following year. The weakest of the new ones will be cut away, and only sufficient of the strongest left, so that when tied to the supports they are from 1ft. to 18in. apart. In the winter the ends of these retained growths are cut off, exactly as Raspberries are treated. A liberal mulching of manure during late autumn or early winter is about all the attention needed. Owing to their vigorous growth the plants must have ample room, trellis or wire 6ft. high providing excellent supports. For market the Loganberry is planted 6ft. apart each way, and trained to wires 6ft. high; this allows for horse cultivation of the soil between the rows, a necessary operation in growing any kind of fruit as a business.

F. W. H.

THE SNOWDROP WINDFLOWER.

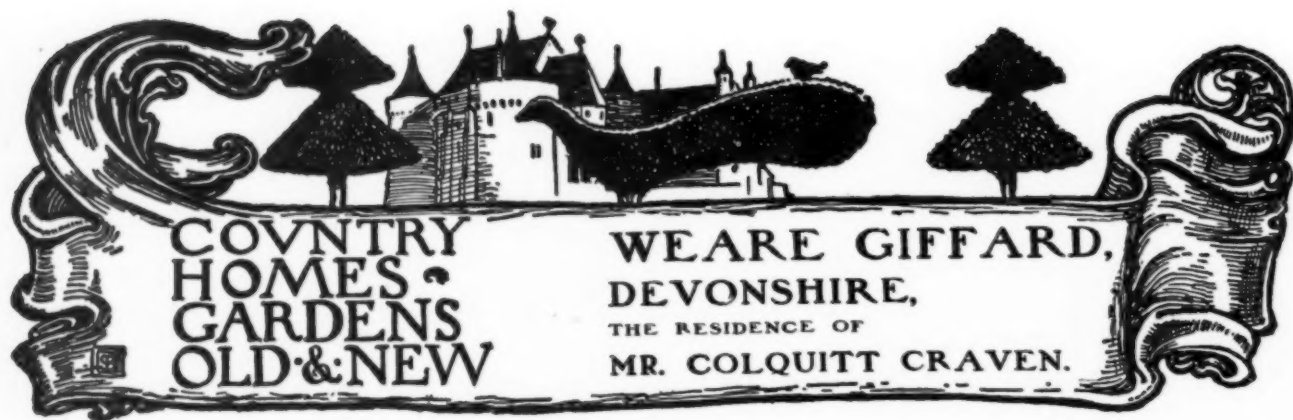
NOW that the season for planting most kinds of hardy flowers is with us I would put forward a plea for the inclusion of a few



THE SNOWDROP WINDFLOWER: ANEMONE SYLVESTRIS.

roots of the dainty Snow-drop Windflower, *Anemone sylvestris*, so well shown in the accompanying illustration. In appearance it is not unlike a dwarf Japanese Anemone, but its flowers during April and May, a season when those from Japan are busy making growth. Its garden name of the Snow-drop Windflower is derived from the similarity of the partly opened, nodding flower-buds to the Snowdrop. This *Anemone*, which seldom exceeds 18in. in height, will thrive in almost any good garden soil that is well drained, but a situation shaded at least from the mid-day sun should be selected if possible. Owing to its habit of straying about just under the surface of the soil the plant should be given ample room so that it may eventually form a small colony, when its white blossoms will be highly appreciated. Although it is an excellent plant for the more conspicuous bays of the rock garden, it will thrive almost, if not equally, as well in the border. As the flowers are excellent for cutting, this *Anemone* must be classed as one of the most useful and beautiful of all hardy flowers.

H.



THERE is abundance of delightful architectural and decorative objects at Weare Giffard to adorn a tale. But there is also matter to point a moral. Four and a half centuries ago it was largely rebuilt by the man whose descendant still owns it. With Raleighs and Drakes, Chichesters and Grenvilles, the Fortescues rank high among Devonshire's historic families. That gives added interest to what they did and how they lived at Weare Giffard. We should like to be able to recognise the extent and nature of the late Gothic rebuilding undertaken by Martin Fortescue—who married the heiress

in 1454—and by his immediate successors; to trace the additions and redecorations of Hugh Fortescue in Elizabethan days; to estimate the amount of alteration and repair, followed by neglect and decay, which characterised its later annals. All this was perfectly possible down to 1832. Then came a "restorer," and the house ceased to be an architectural epitome of succeeding Fortescues, a clearly written chapter on the evolution of decorative arts in England. It was transformed into a confused pot-pourri of collector's fragments; a bewildering "omnium gatherum" of building materials; an unconvincing assemblage of structural and

decorative parts, brought together from all quarters, where much that was original to the house is no longer in its original position and still less with its original environment. There is no end of good stuff; but it tells no sympathetic tale, teaches no consecutive lesson, satisfies no intelligent enquiry. The fashion of tearing interesting old work from its proper historic moorings and anchoring it in distorted form in an alien port is unhappily even more prevalent now than when Weare Giffard was "restored" eighty years ago. That operation brings home to us how regrettable and reprehensible the fashion is. Exactly what was done in 1832—how much that was in the house was "re-arranged" and how much was introduced from other houses—is forgotten; there is no sign or record to assist in forming a correct mental picture of what the old home of the Fortescues was really like in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has lost much of its atmosphere, its individuality, its genuineness. There is still much that is remarkable and enjoyable. But whereas, treated with more restraint and judgment, it



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1.—THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

would have been an ancient monument of the highest quality, it can now only be placed in the second class.

A picturesque tradition makes "Richard, surnamed Le Fort, a very strong man, a Norman knight, and cupbearer to the Duke of Normandy," save his master at Senlac "from the blows of his assailants, protecting him with his shield." So the name was extended to Fort-Escu, and the family motto seeks to establish the legend by declaring in Latin that "A strong shield is the safety of Dukes." In the next century we pass from legend to document and find Fortescues possessed of the manor of Winstone in Devon. A cadet of this house fought with Henry V at Agincourt, and was made Governor of Meaux. Later on we find him, like the senior branch of his family, seated in Devon, while his second son, the famous lawyer, obtained by purchase the Gloucestershire manor of Ebrington, still held by his descendant. As Chief Justice Fortescue never owned Weare Giffard, we

prisoner, but his life was spared. He retired to Ebrington, and is reported to have lived on there until he was ninety years old. Certainly he outlived his son, Martin, whose marriage with the Denzill heiress put him in possession of large North Devon estates, of which Weare Giffard was one. This ancient manor is situated at the point where the river Torridge, flowing through the green meadows that occupy the narrow level of a hill-encompassed valley, first meets the tide, and soon widens into the estuary on which the town of Bideford lies. We are told that it "was given to one of the Giffards by William the Conqueror; from which circumstance, and because there was a fish-weir in the river Torridge on the manor, the name arose." On this occasion it was the owner who gave name to the manor; but later the case was reversed, for a Giffard heiress, marrying a Cornish knight named Tre-wen, their great-grandson, William, in the days of Henry IV, "called himself Weare, of his dwelling." The

new name continued during his lifetime only. Marrying Elizabeth de Filleigh, heiress of great neighbouring estates, he had an only daughter, who, becoming the wife of Richard Denzill, carried to her husband the combined patrimony of her father and mother. There was one son, but with him male descent again failed, for he had an only child, Elizabeth Denzill, who, mating with Martin Fortescue in 1454, brought to that family the many North Devon acres which they still possess. Filleigh in due course became known as Castle Hill, and has long been the chief seat of the branch of the Fortescues that was given the barony of Fortescue of Castle Hill in 1746, and an Earldom later on. But Weare Giffard was favoured as a residence by some of its earlier Fortescue owners. Martin Fortescue is said to have rebuilt it; his grandson, Bartholomew, was buried in the church close by, as were likewise the latter's grandson and great-grandson.

Whether and to what extent Martin Fortescue was really



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3.—SCREEN ADDED TO THE HALL IN 1832.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

must not linger over his life, although he is one of the few sympathetic characters of the disturbed period of the Roses' War. Made Serjeant-at-Law in 1430, he soon established his reputation in his profession, and from being an advocate was raised, without any intervening step, to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench in 1442. For eighteen years he presided over the Court in a manner that has earned him a niche in the temple of fame. To us he is a learned and upright judge only. But in his own age he had also to be a political, or, rather, a dynastic partisan, and the triumph of Edward IV in 1461 saw him in flight. The fallen King made him his Chancellor and appointed him mentor to his son. It was for the instruction of the young Prince of Wales that the famous treatise, "De Laudibus Legum Anglie," was written in exile before the attempt to regain the crown for Henry, which ended disastrously in the defeat of Tewkesbury and the death of the Prince in 1471. Fortescue was taken

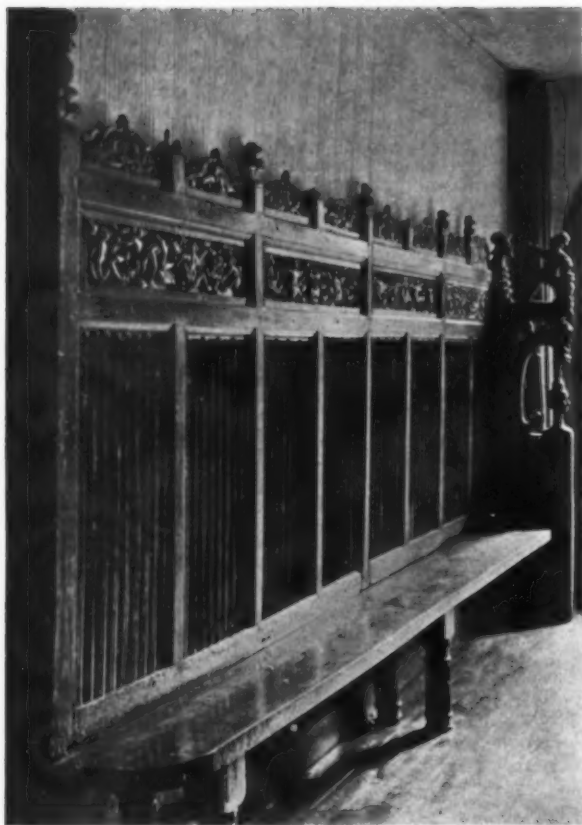
responsible for the fifteenth century portions of the house it is difficult to say. Documentary evidence is wanting. There is no shield that we can with certainty date from his time on which his arms impale those of his wife. As he died eighteen years after his marriage, his period of ownership is much shorter than that during which the most salient of the Gothic architectural details prevailed. The various subsequent alterations, and especially the 1832 "restoration," have obliterated and confused features which might have afforded a clue to an exact date. Yet, withal, the house, in plan and detail, still affords to the practised eye a good example of a late fifteenth century manor house, when, as we recently noticed at Great Chalfield, a marked desire for balance and a tendency towards symmetry were showing themselves. The main building was H-shaped, and the two wings, anyhow as regards their south or front projections, were identical in form. Between them lay the hall, the door leading to the



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4.—HENRY VIII PANELLING AND A QUEEN ANNE CABINET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright 5.—SETTLE BEHIND THE SCREEN. "C.L."

screens being at the right-hand corner (Fig. 15), and faced another which originally gave direct into an office court, the wings on this side being longer and, no doubt from the first, connected by a range of office buildings forming a quadrangle. The hall was originally lit, in the customary manner, on both sides. To the south a window, coming down near to the ground, although not shaped as a bay, lay to the right of the fireplace, as seen in Fig. 12. The other windows, on both sides, are all high up, but those to the north—except one at the gallery end—have been filled in, and full length portraits hang in their place (Fig. 8). The one was retained, not to give light to the hall, but to borrow a little from it, as a modern two-storied building has been set up against the north wall of the hall. All the hall windows, and especially the one last referred to, contain coloured glass, some of which is seventeenth century Flemish introduced in 1832; but much is in its original site, and dates from the end of the fifteenth century. Here we get the only reliable clue as to which of



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6.—IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



7.—FLEMISH CARVINGS OVER THE STAIRCASE FIREPLACE.

the Fortescues was the chief rebuilder of the house. The letters "H" and "R" crowned refer to Henry VII. while the letters "I" and "F" combined by a knot with a bunch of wheat ears between will stand for John Fortescue, the son of Martin by the Denzill heiress. Martin died in 1752, but his wife survived him, and so John Fortescue did not at once come into his inheritance. He died in 1803, and the glass is attributable to the closing years of his life. It may have been

among finishing touches whereby he merely completed what his father had begun. Yet we shall shortly find evidence that he was responsible for the hall roof—an essential part of the structure.

The hall fire-arch is of stone, the spandrels having the usual long crinkled leaves of the period. On one of these lies the Royal rose, while on the other we find the Weare badge of three fishes interlaced. We must not on that account claim that this fire-arch is a survival of the house as it was in

frequent in Devonshire, and of which the town of Barnstaple—lying between Weare Giffard and Filleigh—was an important centre of production.

Of the late fifteenth century work at Weare Giffard the most striking feature is the hall roof—a most unusually decorative sample of the time when English carpentering—that is, the structural use of timber—was at its zenith. It belongs to the hammer beam type, of which the earliest and greatest example—that of Westminster Hall—was



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8.—THE HALL ROOF.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

William Weare's day, for the badge may well have been adopted by the Fortescues, together with the arms of Weare, Filleigh and Denzill, to which they were entitled through Elizabeth Denzill, and which appear, with the Fortescue bend, in the quartered shield of the overmantel. This feature, however, does not date from the time of John Fortescue, who would be the first to assume this shield, but is a good example of the late Elizabethan plaster-work

completed just as the fifteenth century was about to begin. Showing much variety of treatment, the type prevailed for both churches and halls throughout that century and continued into the next, when Wolsey used it splendidly in the hall at Hampton Court. But the reign of Henry VII saw it most generally adopted for house work, and comparable to that at Weare Giffard are the contemporary hall roofs at Eltham Palace, Gifford's Hall and Beddington Hall.



Copyright. 9.—STAIRCASE BUILT IN 1832. "C.L."

It has this distinction, that while it is much smaller than any of these it is even richer. The span is under twenty feet, and thus it called for neither collar beam nor struts. The curved braces, however, are very massive, and from their bold mouldings hangs a wealth of foliated tracery like a giant lace edging. This also decorates the wall posts, on



Copyright. 10.—IN A BEDROOM. "C.L."

the tops of which sit heraldic beasts (Fig. 8). They undoubtedly represent the dragon and greyhound supporters of Henry VII, although not a very satisfactory model for the latter was chosen by the local wood-carver. They fit in so exactly with the structural timber-work with which they are associated as to clearly form part of it as first designed, and were not stood up there as after-thoughts. They thus add strength to the claim that we owe Weare Giffard quite as much to John Fortescue as to his father. That will not prevent there being portions of it earlier than his or even his father's time. The gate house (Fig. 1), which occupies the south-east corner of the once completely walled enclosure in which the house stood, has been attributed to William Weare or his son-in-law, Richard Denzill. If so it has been much altered, and the impaled shields bearing the Fortescue bend on each side of the window will be insertions. But anyhow, one of the archways which form part of a sort of porch (Fig. 16), made up of fragments and set against the west wall of the house at the 1832 restoration, seems of Denzill origin, for we not only find the Weare fishes and the arms of Filleigh and Denzill, but also those of Courtenay of



Copyright. 11.—IN A SITTING-ROOM. "C.L."

Powderham, to which family the mother of Elizabeth Denzill, the heiress, belonged. The sculpture on this archway is at once crisp and delicate, while the vigour and liveliness of the heads that form the corbels of many of the window drip stones about the house should be noticed.

John Fortescue's second son, Bartholomew, succeeded a childless elder brother soon after their father's death, and he lived till 1557. He appears to have resided much at Weare Giffard, for he was buried in the church close by, where we find bench ends of the usual Devonshire Henry VIII type, and on two of these are sculptured the arms and initials of Bartholomew Fortescue and of Ellen Moore his wife. Finer in design and carving than the bench ends, but of the same date and character, is the wainscoting now placed along the north wall of the hall (Fig. 4). It should be compared with that at Fulford, described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 1st, where the date and origin of this Devonshire product is discussed. Although the carved panels display the new Renaissance spirit, the cresting and finials are purely Gothic and are quite similar to the pendants of the roof above. Though



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12.—THE HALL FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

no doubt belonging to the house, the present arrangement can only date from 1832, when the seventeenth century Flemish work of the screen parapet (Fig. 3) and of the stalls at the opposite end (Fig. 2) were unsympathetically introduced. Above the stalls is more English Henry VIII work, of which one section has been used as the back of the settle which stands in the passage behind the screen (Fig. 5). Whether any of this belonged to the house or was brought from elsewhere does not transpire, and the same must be said of part of the Elizabethan work. Such is the mantelpiece (Fig. 11) in one of the sitting-rooms of the west wing with the Royal arms in the central panel. On the other hand, the large heraldic panel over the fireplace (Fig. 10) in a bedroom of the east wing is of the same character and date as that in the hall. It displays the same armorial quarterings surrounded by the same scroll and strapwork ornament. Both will be due to Bartholomew Fortescue's grandson, Hugh, who owned Weare Giffard during most of Elizabeth's reign. He did much to the house. The plaster ornaments on the hall walls



Copyright.

13.—GEORGIAN CAKE BASKETS.

"C.L."



Copyright.

14.—CHOICE EXAMPLES OF THE DECORATIVE ARTS. "C.L."

George Mathew Fortescue, "did much to restore and preserve it." That he worked with comprehensive zeal but little discretion we have already seen. His additions and alterations

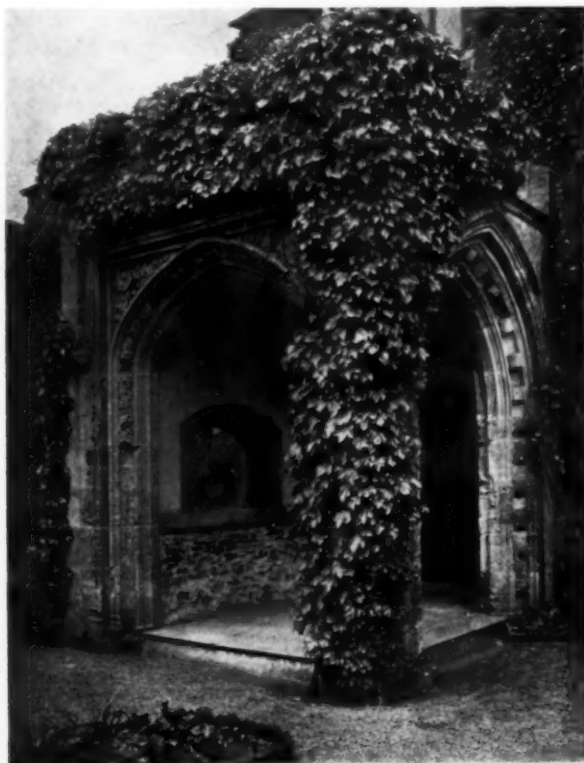
—where we find him impaling the arms of his wife, Elizabeth Chichester—are very similar to those on the wagon ceiling of the bedroom, just mentioned, and on the flat ceiling of the dining-room below it, where the wall wainscoting is of the same or a little later date. (Fig. 6). Hugh Fortescue and his son John both preferred Weare Giffard to Filleigh, and were buried in the church, where a mural monument commemorates them. But though a short siege during the Civil Wars did not do very much harm to the place, Filleigh, rechristened Castle Hill, took its place, and a great late Renaissance house became the eighteenth century home of the ennobled family. Deserted by its owners, Weare Giffard had fallen into a state of neglect and decay when the second Earl Fortescue's younger son,



Copyright

15.—THE HALL DOORWAY.

"C.L."



16.—A PORCH MADE UP OF XV CENTURY FRAGMENTS.

have destroyed the mediæval spirit of the house. A new entrance leading to a staircase hall was contrived in the centre of the east wing. Over the modern fireplace Flemish scriptural panels were enframed with the detritus of Jacobean bedsteads and chimney-pieces (Fig. 7). Balustrading

approaching to a French Rococo style is combined on the staircase with Elizabethan bedposts serving as newels. There is a great deal of quite excellent material, but a lack of appropriateness and harmony. Much has lately been gained by Mr. and Mrs. Colquitt Craven making the place their home and introducing fine furniture and effects of their own. The admirable lacquer cabinet with gilt Queen Anne stand and cresting, seen in Fig. 4, is an example of this. Fig. 14 shows an ivory and metal tankard, sculptured by John of Bologna. On either side of it are samples of the numerous Chelsea figures, which now fill cabinets in the drawing-room. Portraits by Vandyke, Romney and Coates

hang on the walls. Very choice, too, is the old English silver which freely appears on the dining-room table. A ewer with scroll handle and Chinese decoration, dating from the first year of James II's reign is a delightful piece. Two very excellent cake baskets appear in Fig. 13. To the left is one by Edward Vincent with date 1733. The other, belonging to the following year, bears the well known mark of Paul Lamerie. Both are ovals measuring 13in. by 11in. at the rim, and each weighs over 500z. As this old home of the Fortescues was not to be occupied by its owners, it is fortunate, indeed, in being leased by such appreciative tenants.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century there was no living writer of English imaginative literature who evoked more interest than Robert Louis Stevenson. Any criticism directed against him was only that he was too much the dandy of letters, one who thought far more of style than matter, and whose greatest merits were those of refinement and cultivation. His personal appearance harmonised with these characteristics. Though very young when it occurred, I perfectly remember seeing him for the first time. It was a sunny afternoon in Princes Street, Edinburgh, and he attracted my attention, only as a singular looking foot passenger. Thin and elegant in his velvet jacket, swaggering with a fancy cane, he looked like one who had just come from a feast. It was the cleverness, devilment and, as I thought, hint of dissipation that impressed his face on my mind, though I had not the ghost of an idea who he was till later, when the picturesque stranger was introduced to me as R. L. Stevenson. His essays in the *Cornhill* were then making a reputation. But in this they were greatly helped by his friends. These were many and influential captives to his personal charm. In the succeeding years he won his way as a leader in the revival of romance. His name was most frequently associated with those of Lang and Henley, all three being firm believers in Alexandre Dumas, and regarding "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Christo" as highwater marks of romantic literature. Their motto was "Art for Art's sake," which meant writing for writing's sake. As Henley was fond of putting it in conversation, "If you could put 'Hey diddle diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle' into the best language, that would be literature." Stevenson died in 1894, and now, after twenty years, comes along a swashbuckler critic determined to show by resounding blows that the idol was stone that they deemed divine. His name is Frank Swinnerton, and the instrument with which he does the flagellation is a book called *R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study* (Martin Secker). It almost makes the remaining Stevensonians weep. "Inability to appreciate Stevenson seems to be a degree of atheism," wails one of them in the *Nation*. Probably the reviewer would not have been so greatly saddened if he had noted that the work is dedicated to Douglas Gray *in malice*. The words we have italicised may be taken as "a slight depression of the left eyelid": a hint that the writer is going to show his cleverness by demonstrating imperfections in the perfect.

Mr. Swinnerton's book is keen, intellectual and stimulating, but it is spoiled by faults of detail. The biographical chapter is unsatisfactory, dealing as it does with niggling little facts which have no critical value. In the thirty-four pages occupied there was room enough for a serious biographical essay, whereas he only gives a dull *résumé* of events. Stevenson would cut a very different figure if the method he applied to Burns were to be turned on himself. The travel books Mr. Swinnerton, with almost Teuton carefulness, goes through the words one by one—"An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey" and the rest—are but attempts of a studious youth to follow in the footsteps of him who wrote "A Sentimental Journey." What he has to say upon the essays extends to a long chapter, but the gist of it is contained in a passage of "The Conclusion":

The essays flatter the reader by mirroring his own mind and giving it an odd twist of grace. They are shrewd mother-wit, dressed for a fairing. That is what causes the popularity of the essays—that and the air they have of "looking on the bright side of things." They do look on the bright side; they are homely, cheerful, charming; they will continue to adorn the book-

shelf with a pretty, pale, bedside cheerfulness which will delight all whose culture exceeds their originality.

The sting lies in the last phrase, for the one thing said at great length in the several chapters of the stout volume is that Stevenson's culture exceeded his originality and, as like calls to like, he appeals to those of a similar character. The critic flounders badly when he tries to show that Stevenson's nationality prevented him from being a great poet. Where Stevenson's cousin, the famous "Bob," would have merely said that Scotsmen are addicted to "bleat," Mr. Swinnerton holds forth thus:

They are easily moved by encounter, in unusual circumstances, with the Scots tongue (by which I mean that accent in speaking English, and those terms, grammatical or verbal, which are peculiar to Scotsmen); and they are extraordinarily moved by the word "home," by the thought of family and by certain sounds, such as music heard across water, or particular notes in the voice of a singer—especially when the singer happens to be the person who is moved.

We are told then that Scotland has produced only one great poet, Robert Burns, and that he was great by reason of his "outer sensibility and inner toughness." This is very superficial. Mr. Swinnerton takes the people of the street or the Kail-yard School as representing Scotland, whereas surely the Caledonian genius is disclosed in the rich store of Scottish ballad poetry and song. Stevenson was not a poet because *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. He could and did make a prose style, but he could not do the same with poetry because of the very limitations so unsparingly set forth by the critic. That he made the *Requiem* is not enough.

In dealing with the short stories Mr. Swinnerton loses himself in a fog. There can be little doubt that the one most valuable for the elucidation of his theme is "Will o' the Mill," but he dismisses it as "a barren piece of moralising." On the contrary, it is a revelation of inner life and therefore of potentiality. It discloses, alas! all he aspired to be, all he could never be. Equally pregnant with meaning are the vain attempts of Stevenson to appreciate Burns, Villon and Thoreau in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books." These three offered fine scope for the exercise of sympathy and understanding, but the papers are failures, not from the unhappiness of moments from which no writer can escape, but because of intellectual and spiritual narrowness. Stevenson did not rise to the height of his greatest countrymen; he had not the true wisdom and charity that would have unlocked Villon's heart, and the secret of Thoreau was hidden from him. What was worse, he did not know what he had missed.

It is, however, neither upon his travel books, his essays, his poems nor his plays, but upon his novels that the fame of Stevenson depends. "Treasure Island" will probably retain its hold on the young, and "Weir of Hermiston," although left unfinished, began in a highly promising manner. So did "The Master of Ballantrae," but it fell off woefully afterwards. "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" are fine romances, but the recipe for making them was too simple. A little army of writers quickly appeared who could do the trick as well as Stevenson—the names of Conan Doyle, Quiller-Couch and Stanley Weyman leap to the mind at once. Stevenson was not great enough to advance this particular form of art. He and his friends limited too narrowly the meaning of the word romance. They spoke and acted as though it were synonymous with fighting and adventure, whereas it is a spiritual state which enables us to behold incident in its appropriate halo of glory or wonder, passion or pity. Mr. Swinnerton says very truly that if Stevenson heard the word mystery he would at once think of Gaboriau. His

success led to the multiplication of detective stories, a sort of riddle-me-ree kind of literature closely allied to the making of Limericks, and seen at its best in the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe, who was indeed an exemplar to Stevenson.

By no means triumphantly, but haltingly and with many stumbles, the critic succeeds in his plea that not even the charm and gifts of a Stevenson can make writing for writing's sake a means to the highest attainment. As was shown the other day in the case of letters from the front by mere boys, unaffected beauty and power of writing comes more readily to him who has great things to say and is eager to say them than to the most painstaking craftsman. This also sheds illumination on romance, whose first and greatest essential is that it should be real. It may be found in the lover's high ecstasy and the patriot's noble serenity in face of the most violent death. But true vision of it comes only to the child and those who have become like little children.

Deccan Nursery Tales (illustrated), by C. A. Kincaid. (Macmillan, 1914.)

THIS book has all the merits of the best fairy stories. There is about it the lovely, unconscious simplicity of traditional things, and that mixture of homely and accurate detail with the wildest romance, so entirely satisfactory to a child, or, indeed, to any human being worthy of the name. Even an anthropologist would like the book because of the many descriptions of primitive ritual and custom which it contains. But it is just as a collection of excellent fairy tales that it will appeal to the ordinary reader, and he will be glad also to recognise in it touches of that gentle tenderness which appears to be characteristically Indian. But quotation is better than description. "The Brahman did as the old woman" (who was really the goddess Parvati in disguise, come to make his fortune) "ordered him, and that evening he called to the cows and buffaloes by name to come to his courtyard. And from every direction his cows and buffaloes came running up. And behind them galloped all the little calves with their heels in the air, and their tails stuck out straight behind them. At last the Brahman's courtyard was filled so full that no more cows or buffaloes could enter. And he milked them all, and next day his wife cooked a milk-pudding such as one would not see again if one lived a thousand years." And this is a description of how the brother and sister set out to cross the Seven Seas to find "Soma the washerwoman," who was really a great magician: "In course of time they came to the seashore. But the wind was blowing, the waves were rolling in, and the foam was splashing over the rocks. The brother and sister could not imagine how they were to continue their journey. There was no one near to give them food, there was no one near to give them drink, and they could think of nothing better than to lie down and die. But they just resolved to pray to the god Shiva. . . . After praying they went and sat under a banian tree, and all day long they had nothing to eat or drink. Now, on the very top of the banian tree was an eagle's nest, and in it there were several little eagles. When evening came father eagle and mother eagle came home and began to feed their young. But the little eagles would not eat anything at all. Mother eagle said, 'Children, children, what is the matter?' 'O Mummy, Mummy,' cried the little eagles, 'two strangers have come to our house, and they are sitting under our tree, and they have had nothing to eat all day!' Then, of course, father and mother eagle comforted the brother and sister, and helped them safely across the Seven Seas." The book is full, too, of traditional phrases, which are poetry. "I love my children, as if they were made of gold." "One day a Brahma came tall as a tree, and shining like the sun." The word "Brahman" brings us to the only serious defect in the book, from the point of view of a child—the number of unexplained strange words and phrases. The writer dedicates it to his little son Dennis, whose interest in the stories first made him think of publishing them. Perhaps Dennis was brought up in India, so that the words came natural to him, and anyway he had his father to explain things to him, but we cannot help imagining uncomfortable conversations such as the following occurring in a thoroughly English household: "'What's a Brahman?' 'Oh a Brahman, well a Brahman—why surely you must know what a Brahman is?' 'No I don't, and I want to—and I want to know what a bania who had no son is, and I want to know what 'acquiring merit' is, and . . . 'Well, there isn't time to tell you all that now, you must run upstairs and have your bath.' Even if in these enlightened days there are no such objects as infallible parents left, it seems a pity for the sake of the children that a few more explanations are not given.

Eton in the Eighties, by Eric Parker. (Smith, Elder.)

ETON is a place of so many and such fascinating memories that innumerable books are written about it. By no means all of them are good, for to be reminiscent without being trivial or maudlin or tedious is not an easy task. Mr. Eric Parker's book, however, is one of those that has been most distinctly worth the writing. He has an engaging affection for his subject, a pleasant and skilful style, and his book should make a strong appeal, though perhaps to a rather limited public. It centres chiefly round College, that is, round seventy boys out of something over a thousand, and College stands a little apart from the rest of the school as being older, more unchanging and more full of private tradition. Traditions pass away very quickly. Where are gone the intricate mysteries of "Fire-Place"? What of "Montem-Sure Night," when as twelve o'clock rang out from Lupton's Tower all the beds in long chamber were let fall with a simultaneous crash of celebration? These things vanished before any of us were born or thought of, and are now only read of in books by prehistoric old gentlemen. But the cry of "Cloister P" still sends someone running to the pump in the cloisters, and new traditions and customs are always arising, such as that of drinking "In piam memoriam J.K.S." in hall on St. Andrew's day. Much that will delight old collegers may strike other people as being too minute and detailed, but there is also

plenty in the book to appeal to a wide circle: descriptions of the glories of bathing at Boveney, of lazily watching a school match through a sunny after-four, of the rarer and more recondite joys of fishing between Fellows' Eyot and Poet's Walk. There are also some entertaining stories of various masters, though it would perhaps have been kinder to suppress some of them till another generation or two had passed. Finally, Mr. Parker has done a good deed in preserving the memory of those delightful fictions which an ingenious generation of Collegers supplied to the young and guileless editor of a juvenile paper. The customs of "Broaching the Green-stuff" and "Slunching the Paddocks," the great match between "Flenderbatch's Jolly Boys" and "Carruthers' Field Mice," and many other surprising pieces of Eton history, should never be forgotten.

Peter Moor, by Gustav Freussen. (Constable.)

THIS is a narrative of the German War in South-West Africa in 1903. It was a grim story: some natives having murdered German settlers, a German army drove forty thousand Africans, men, women and children, into a waterless desert, where every living creature perished of thirst; nobody was left to molest later German settlers. Peter Moor, who took part in this operation, is not a monster at all: he is a simple and sentimental German, full of the milk of human kindness for fellow-creatures with white skins, likely to prove an excellent husband and father, and well fitted to lead a useful life as a farmer or artisan in his native Holstein. The narrative is full of detail. How much of this was communicated by the soldier, and how much was invented by the novelist, one cannot tell; and this is a proof of the novelist's art. The soldier, who had never been out of Holstein, describes the voyage and the landing in Africa, followed by the campaign with its fatigues, its hunger and thirst, wounds and death. Neither man nor boy could fail to find the book deeply interesting. The reader will note that the German, be he soldier or novelist, speaks with respect and admiration of the English, either at home or as African settlers. If such a tone is now impossible for a German writer, are we to blame? Have we changed? The translation is not very good. As it speaks of a "dull" pencil, and of "faucets" in the wall, where English uses "blunt" and "taps," it seems to be the work of an American; but it can hardly be good American to say that a man had undergone a bad "case" of typhoid fever, where "attack" seems to be the meaning.

The Hidden Children, by Robert Chambers. (Appleton.)

MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS is one of those clever people who can write a story to suit almost every taste, so that the reader who is not attracted by the strenuous glitter of his novels of America up to date may turn to his equally realistic pictures of that old America—summed up in the expressive name New England—and there live again with the heroes of the past. In his latest romance of this lost land, dealing with the American War and the downfall of the great Indian Empire founded by Hiawatha, he has achieved the difficult task of adapting history without defying it, of using real characters familiar to all who know that stirring period without doing violence to his readers' own conception of them, and of weaving into the true tale of treachery and slaughter a thread of sheer romance befitting "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" beneath which it runs its course. The book is well conceived and constructed, and written with a vividness and enthusiasm for the subject that carry one on through twilight woods midst treacherous foes, to emerge at last in the dawn of the American Republic, with the shattered remnants of the Long House lying amid the limbo of the past. Empire and League and forest are buried now beneath a smother of populous cities. Of the five nations of the great Iroquois Confederacy—Oneida, Onondaga, Mohawk, Cayuga and Seneca—only fragments remain. But their names still linger in lake and stream and hill, and those of us who knew and loved them in the long romances of childhood will greet them again in Mr. Chambers' story with a pleasure that is half sadness.

When Thoughts Will Soar, by Baroness Bertha von Suttner. (Constable.)

A ROMANCE of the immediate future, this is a slightly didactic novel, its dialogue clever but over-weighty, and its moral intention too obvious. But, having said this, it is possible to commend in the book those qualities of earnest thought and suggestiveness which, better suited to an essay or treatise, induce the reader to press on in the determination to discover where all this serious preparation leads. There is, of course, a slight love interest, on a high intellectual plane that atrophies somewhat its humanity. The vestal Franka Garlett and Chlodwig Helmer throughout the action hesitate—through momentous dialogue—upon the brink of betrayal of a mutual passion, to discover eventually the average individual's "way out." All this may suggest a novel lacking in appeal of a sympathetic order; yet the book bears the mark of a noble conception, and for that reason should receive a certain attention.

Aucassin and Nicolette, Translated by Dulcie Lawrence Smith, with Illustrations by Eileen Lawrence Smith. (Andrew Melrose.)

THE translations of Aucassin are legion, and many of them by hands so skilled that another seems at first sight superfluous. Yet no one will read Miss Lawrence Smith's version without recognising that she is justified of her labour. The song of Aucassin as he lay hurt after stumbling gives a taste of her quality:

Star in the night above	Dear love, if I could mount
Close to the moon's rim set,	Up to thy most high place,
I see my little love	What would the falling count
With thee, my Nicolette.	If I might kiss thy face?
God sought her from afar	King's son or heir were I,
To light the evening star,	It would not be too high
She, who was fairer far	Honour for thee to grace,
And brighter yet.	Sweet love, my sister!

Miss Eileen Lawrence Smith's illustrations are good, especially those in colour, and the book is produced with a dainty richness which escapes mere prettiness.



Copyright.

THE QUAY AT WHITBY.

Showing a few of the small people against whom the Germans displayed their "valour."

A. Marshall.



REQUIEM.

Unto thyself, O Time, take the dying year,
Unto thy secret kingdom in realms unknown;
Ours for a little space, we must leave it here—
Is it not now thine own?

Unto thyself, O Time, for To-morrow's sake,
Gather all vain regrets with the midnight chime;
Ours is the coming dawn, but the old year take
Unto thyself, O Time.

ISABEL BUTCHART.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THREE DAYS' LEAVE.

BY

J. M. DODINGTON.



CAPTAIN RICHARD CAREY sat silently in his corner of the crowded compartment of the crowded train from Folkestone

to London. His newspaper was held open before his face, but it was not upon the printed matter that his eyes were fixed. Instead, they dwelt, with a grave wonder in their grey depths, upon the peaceful English landscape. Which was reality? Which the dream? That nether world of furious strife and carnage unspeakable which he had quitted but a few short hours before, or this fair land of ineffable peace? The blood and mire of the trenches, the heaped-up, putrefying corpses of man and beast—or the green Kentish pastures, the grazing kine, the blue smoke of tranquil village hearths curling lazily upward? With a curious feeling of detachment he looked at the waiting crowds on the platforms of the passing stations. They were so—so every-day; so—just as usual. (Ah, those pitiful strings of fugitives, running, falling wearily back, struggling forward again, straining every nerve to keep up with the British soldiers to whom they looked for salvation!)

A quarter of an hour at the London terminus, then Captain Carey was in the train for home. And now restlessness seized upon him: Would the girls meet him at the station? He hoped to goodness not—they would be sure to make a fuss. And they would ask all sorts of questions—at this thought he drew himself together nervously. Somehow girls never can understand that a fellow does not care to talk about—if it were the mater, now—the thin, lined face softened, the compressed lips relaxed. But it was an unexpected form which awaited him. "Why, pater," he cried, stepping up to the burly figure beneath the one gas-lamp, "your dinner will be spoilt! It's nearly nine o'clock."

Squire Carey grunted—after a minute. "Come on, then," he said, "I've brought the greys. Like to drive?"

"Why, pater, don't you want?" Then the son cast a quick glance at the odd brightness of the eyes under the grizzled penthouse brows, and his remonstrance died on his lips.

"Glad to see you back again, Captain." The station-master advanced, beaming. "I hope you're well, sir?"

"First rate, thanks. So are you, by your looks, Holland. Hope the missus is the same?"

"Thank 'ee, sir, she be much about her usual. If you could look in and see her, Captain—she's that keen to hear about the war—"

"Yes, yes—all right, all right. Well, Soames? Well, Crumpler?" A wave of his hand to the two bashfully grinning porters, and Richard was in the trap by his father's side.

"Only horses left," growled the Squire, as the greys sprang forward. "Didn't take 'em on account of the colour."

"Ah!" Richard drove on for a minute or two in silence. "Purchasing officer been busy in these parts, then?"

"Not a sound horse left." And again silence fell.

The clear, pure night air blew against their faces; from the fields and hedgerows rose the fresh scent of newly turned earth, the bitter-sweet odour of dying leaves.

"Jove! how clean it all smells!" Captain Carey drew a long, long breath.

His father's only reply was an inarticulate murmur, but to the son's ear it was expressive of complete understanding.

"Hounds meet at Tincton Cross-roads to-morrow," observed the Squire, after a brief pause.

"You don't say so!" Richard's face kindled. "Wonder if there's any chance—"

"Yes, there is. Thought you'd like a day. Got a nag for you from Thornton the dealer. A cast-out old creak, but she'll carry you all right for once in a way."

"Oh, thanks, that'll be top-hole."

They turned in at the lodge gates; a few minutes more and the lighted windows of the old house shone through the trees. As the wheels crunched the gravel before the hall door it was flung wide, and a couple of girls ran down the steps.

"There you are, Betty! Well, Nell, how goes it?" Their brother sprang from the cart and hastily presented a cheek to

each. Then, disengaging himself from their arms, he quickly mounted the steps.

A grey-haired lady was standing in the hall. "Richard!" Her son took her gently by the arm, led her into the room next the entrance and closed the door behind them.

"Hallo, Henstridge, where's Tom?" As Captain Carey, booted and spurred, strolled into the stable yard the following morning, his eyes opened wide with surprise to see the venerable coachman busily polishing up the tackle. For Henstridge had a profound conception of the dignity which hedged about his office and never demeaned himself by sharing in the manual labour which was the fit portion of his subordinates.

"Tom? Joined Kitchener's Army, sir."

"You don't say so? Good man. And William?"

"Gone with the Territorials to the front, sir."

"By Jove! Then who have you got in the stables?"

"Im, sir." Henstridge indicated with his thumb a diminutive boy of fourteen who just then appeared in the doorway, staggering under the weight of the Captain's saddle. "No young fellow left in these 'ere parts, sir. All in the army."

"Good—good."

"Hallo, I must be very early, surely." Captain Richard drew up his horse on the triangular patch of turf at Tincton Cross-roads and searched the landscape for the red-coated figures which he expected to see converging by ones and twos and threes upon the meeting-place. But lanes and bridle-baths were blank. He looked at his watch. "No—eleven o'clock. And—yes—there are the hounds."

The grey-haired old master approached, riding at the head of his pack. He greeted Richard warmly.

"And now we'd better be moving," he said, after a few minutes' converse, in which he had briefly and pregnantly decided the fate of the German Empire and its illustrious Head.

"Field a bit late, ain't they, sir?"

The Master waved his crop in a comprehensive gesture which included three elderly gentlemen, a grey-bearded farmer, and two little girls in pig-tails. "That's my field," he said, "men and horses all gone—but we've got to try and keep the foxes down somehow. Here, get along, Tarquin—get on, Michael!" And vigorously cracking his whip, the Master led his hounds across the wide grassland to Tincton coverts.

As Richard followed, despite the exhilaration of the fresh morning breeze, the joy of once more riding in the wake of those dappled bodies and waving stems, he was conscious of a certain depression of spirit. . . . He had so confidently counted upon seeing her at the meet—and he had to go to-morrow morning . . . it was hard luck.

But half an hour later, while hounds were drawing a thick brake, the slim figure for which he looked rode slowly up a grassy aisle between the chestnut boles. With all his heart in his eyes he watched her come. Yet when he moved forward to meet her all that his lips found to say was: "Good morning. What sort of animal is that you're on to-day?"

And she, though her dark eyes were shining in her flushed face, replied, in carefully matter-of-fact tones: "Don't you remember old Cherry, the carriage-horse? All the rest have gone to the front."

"What! Your little Mayfly, too?"

"Yes." The girl's lips quivered. After a little pause: "I heard you were coming," she said. "How long have you got?"

"Must go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Her flush receded, leaving her very lips white.

He drew a little nearer. "I wanted to see you so badly, Mary. I never knew how much I wanted you till I was—among all that out there. I love you, Mary. If I get back at the end of it all, will you marry me?"

For a long moment the two pairs of young eyes held each other, then: "Yes, Dick," she said.

And that was all, for the words were barely spoken when there came a whimper from the brake—another—and another—

a crash of joyous hound melody. "The hunt was up"—Dick and Mary pounded along side by side at full speed of the dealer's "old crock" and "old Cherry, the carriage-horse."

Captain Richard Carey sat silently in his corner of the crowded compartment of the crowded train from London to Folkestone. From behind his open newspaper his eyes, a steadfast glow in their grey depths, dwelt upon the green pasture lands, the grazing herds, the curling smoke from tranquil village

hearth. "This is the reality," he said to himself; "the other is only a horrible dream that will pass with the daylight—a vampire of the night."

But it is in order that the shadow of the foul creature's wings may never darken the fair, fair homeland that Richard Carey and such as he, that his father's grooms, Tom and William, and such as they—gallant young Englishmen all—are cheerfully laying down their lives upon the war-blighted fields of what was once fair, fair France.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with the greatest interest your article on Algernon Charles Swinburne in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. I am old enough to recollect the time when Swinburne was a rising star among poets. I remember a party of undergraduates at Oxford who used to meet to read aloud and discuss his poetry. I remember, too, that one youthful critic remarked that Swinburne's excursions into impropriety were rather like those of a naughty boy who desired to shock his elders; there was no ring of true passion in them. I have never ceased to admire Swinburne and to delight in his poetry, but I agree with the view of the undergraduate and of your reviewer. I was much struck with your remarks on the fine work done by the reviewers of the sixties. Without being a *laudator temporis acti* I do not think that we have many reviews so scholarly, so thorough and so well written nowadays. I have lately read a good many of the *Saturday Review* criticisms of the middle sixties, and they seem to be far better work than any we have at present. Two papers—COUNTRY LIFE and one other—appear to me to have some of the same high qualities as the *Saturday Review*'s best work. The particular criticism on "Atalanta in Calydon" to which you refer has some admirable passages, such as "Mr. Swinburne has a lively fancy and a gay profusion of expression." Could anything be better than the "gay profusion" as a criticism and yet an appreciation of Swinburne? Or again, "Mr. Swinburne has a strong and fine sense of beauty . . . rather the beauty of visible things than of sounds or feelings or ideas." "Fine and strong" seem to me to describe Swinburne's attitude to the beauty he describes to perfection.—T. F. D.

A PALESTINE VILLAGE INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your beautifully illustrated article on Palestine in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, and venture to send you a picture which may be of interest as bearing upon the same subject. It represents village women



CRUSHING OLIVES IN PALESTINE.

crushing olives by hand. As will be seen, their equipment is of the simplest description, and the same round stone may have been used from time immemorial. The work can scarcely be considered light, but time is of little value in the East, and the women are taking things very easily.—J. S.

LAST YEAR—AND THIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Turning this photograph out the other day, a souvenir of winter sports which it was intended to repeat this year, it occurred to me that there must be many other young people whose Christmas holiday plans have gone agley. Though it may be more tantalising than pleasing under the circumstances, I am sending the print to COUNTRY LIFE in case you care to use it as a souvenir of pleasures past and a foretaste of those to come.—X. Y. Z.

"15."

[THE EDITOR]

SIR,—I do not know whether you would think it worth while to mention in your paper the curious insistence of the number 15 in English battles—Poitiers, 1356; Marston Moor, 1644; Dettingen, 1743; Waterloo, 1815; and Mons, 1914. In all these cases, if you add the figures together, they make 15; and Agincourt was 1415.—X.



LAST YEAR AT MURREN.

PERMANENTLY DISABLED BELGIANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the New Year's problems will be the disposal of the permanently incapacitated Belgian soldiers in England. They will number thousands. They cannot enter the labour market; they may live only in certain areas, and their homes need most careful selection. The society which has for its ultimate aim the care of all this class is the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee, the body requested by the Registrar-General to draw up the official military register for the eventual use of the Belgian Government. One of the committee's ideas for disposing of some 300 men is to place them at the Salvation Army Hadleigh Farm Colony, Essex. The sight of these men brings up the question of whether they and their fellows could not be used to spread in England the doctrines of Belgian intensive culture. Some, at least, must be experts. At present the men at Hadleigh, not all of whom are, however, *réformés*, employ themselves merely in cooking, waiting, washing up, etc., though when arms have been obtained they are to drill. The men give one the impression of being about as easy to manage as a pack of strange-tongued and exceedingly boisterous schoolboys, and a society which can deal successfully and intelligently with them should be eminently worthy of support. Separately they would probably be more easily dealt with. There would be many difficulties to overcome before the scheme would work properly no doubt. The difference in language would be one, especially when it is remembered that some of these Belgians speak nothing but Walloon, while the majority use French with an accent which renders it almost unintelligible to English ears; while, on the other hand, few English people of the class most calculated to profit by the instruction speak any French at all. But this might surely be overcome.—R. M. MORRISON.

GERMAN PLACE NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me, with your usual courtesy, to make a reply to your correspondent Mrs. Marcon, and also to your editorial comment on this subject? I understand that all over London petitions are being prepared and sent in to the various borough councils asking for German names of streets and roads to be done away with and, in most cases, applying for alternative Belgian or French names identified with the glorious Alliance of 1914. In one working class thoroughfare known to me, namely, Frankfort Road, Herne Hill, practically all the owners and occupiers have signed for the change to be made in favour of a Belgian name. Outside London I expect such names as Saxe-Coburg Place, Edinburgh, and Saxe-Weimar Road, Southsea, will speedily disappear. I certainly think it is a good thing to have them all changed, here and now, as soon as possible, even before the German tyranny is crushed. It is of the utmost importance to convince all our workers, our citizen soldiers and their families that we are sincere in this war against Germany, and that we think the fewer German associations we have in our daily lives the better. Changing the names of thoroughfares is a great object lesson—comes home to the man in the street—and causes talk and comment of the right kind; better than oceans of platform speeches. Our roads, streets, and squares are, after all, business propositions, and it is necessary, in the interests of their owners and of all ratepayers, that every house should be well let, as empty properties pay no share of the rates. Unpopular names tend to spoil property. They are often changed after being the scenes of murders and other crimes. Let us, then, promptly do away with all names identified with a country the Government of which has committed the most atrocious crimes, culminating in the shocking murder of helpless and unarmed English women and children at Scarborough and elsewhere. Your correspondent Mrs. Marcon has so little appreciation of the importance of this aspect of the matter that she has confessed to me in a letter she had no idea that the name, for instance, of Cromwell Road was in any way responsible for the comparatively derelict condition of that thoroughfare. Any name which is odious to even a minority of the population (as is that of Cromwell to all Catholics) must, in the long run, tend to injure either residential or commercial property. Our French friends are fully alive to this, as to so many other municipal considerations. Where in Paris can you find the Place Robespierre or the Rue Fouquier-Tinville—heroes, no doubt, to a minority of the population?—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS, Spectacle Makers' Company.



ELDORADO "SPITFIRE."



"NOTICE THE FINE PHYSIQUE OF THE GUN CREW."

A VICTIM OF AERIAL WIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one of my people was walking along a quiet country road the other



A HAPPY PRISONER.

day he observed in the twilight an uncommon bird with its wings outspread, lying motionless in a hollow by the wayside. When he went near to identify it or ascertain why it was lying in that position it fluttered slowly across the road and settled down as before. To his surprise, it allowed itself to be caught. On examination it was found that there was a small bruised mark on its forehead, caused probably by contact with one of the telegraph wires near by. At home it was identified as the golden plover, and being in fine feather and excellent condition it was decided to photograph it before setting it free. During the two days it was in my possession, being comfortably housed and well supplied with food, it quite recovered from its stupor, and gaily took wing when set at liberty in the open fields.—CHARLES REID.

FOR EMERGENCY PURPOSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to see the enclosed photographs of a three-pounder gun that has recently been made out of an old cam-shaft by one of the mine engineers at the Eldorado Mine in Southern Rhodesia. The gun carries to a distance of 1,200yds., and at 900yds. hit a target 7ft. by 7ft., the shot embedding itself in a tree at the back. The gun does excellent work with shrapnel. You will doubtless notice the fine physique of the crew.—G. SEYMOUR FORT.

A GREETING FROM NEW ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In troubled times friendly words from a stranger may be worth more than in common days. Your last number to reach me contains the picture of the New Zealanders marching through London streets, coming from the furthest and latest of England's outposts. This makes a peculiar appeal to us here, where was the earliest and sturdiest of England's outposts, and where in our Revolution we won the decision that an Englishman's liberty went with him to far countries, the decision which, when after many years it was accepted by the Mother Country herself, assured as no other course could have assured the loyalty of her distant Colonies when the time of strain came. Nearly three centuries have passed since our ancestors were the first to take English wives and mothers across the sea to plant a new home. In the great march of England's expansion New England holds the right of the line. On the world's map only here do you find *New England*. We do not forget that the roots of our history lie in Old England.—HENRY A. PHILLIPS, 120, Tremont Street, Boston, in New England.

A MEMORIAL OF THE PAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Archæologists who have never been in Yorkshire will find much of interest in Kirkdale Church (near Kirbymoorside). "Restored" though it be, in common with most other churches, it still retains a most interesting feature in numerous inscribed and sculptured stones, which speak to us in a language silent and impressive of a long forgotten past. Probably the most "eloquent"



A SAXON INSCRIPTION IN KIRKDALE CHURCH.

of them is one over the south doorway within the porch. It is a memorial of the actual Saxon builder of the church, and is almost, if not quite, unique in having the original date of building still extant and recorded in boldly and cleanly cut Saxon characters in a remarkable state of preservation. The stone is 7ft. 5in. by 1ft. 10in. divided in three "panels"; the first and second panels are inscribed: "Orm Gamel Suna Bohte Sanctus Gregorius In Eadward Dagum Cng And In Tosti Dagum Earl." The English translation is: "Orm the son of Gamal bought St. Gregory minster when it was all broken down and fallen, and he had it made new from the ground to Christ and St. Gregory in Edward's days, king, and in Tosti's days, earl." In the middle panel there is a dial, the day being divided (as appears to have been the custom in those times) into eight parts instead of twelve, and the upper margin is inscribed: "This Is Dages Ool Merva" (this is the day's own mark), and in the semicircle: "Æt Ilcum Tide" (at each or every time); on the lower margin is: "And Hawarth Me Wrohte And Brand Pres" (Haworth made me and Brand priest). From this inscription it is evident the existing church was rebuilt by Orm in King Edward (the Confessor's) time, and the Earl Tosti places the accurate date between 1056 and 1065; the Earl Tosti being slain at the battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066. The church has thus come down through the ages for over nine hundred years.—A. PILKINGTON.

THE "RESTORATION" OF DEERHURST CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All antiquaries must be thankful to you for publishing such spirited and convincing protests against interfering with the fabric of Deerhurst Priory Church. It is quite clear that a church with a floor area of over 3,000 square feet is more than ample for a population of 700 souls. If I may hazard a guess, Deerhurst can rarely yield a congregation of more than 150 worshippers. The church will hold double the number, and there can be, therefore, no practical demand for prinking it out with a new apse. I send you two photographs. That of the exterior will give an idea as to whether the church is big enough for a little village; that of the interior shows one of the aisles, which would, by itself, give accommodation enough for most of the congregations that assemble. But I hear that the protests have not only shaken the promoters' belief in the scheme, but, better still, tended to button up the pockets of possible subscribers. Cases like this make it the more urgent that the archbishops shall reorganise the whole system of church restoration on the lines laid down by the Committee, whose report you discuss in your leading article of the 12th ult., and that they shall do it quickly. "Where there is no vision, the people perish," and where there is no understanding of the value of ancient monuments and no sense of historical continuity, the old art of the people will perish also.—F. S. A.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be but the idea of "An Old Fogey" that I do not consider the children of the working classes are so well done to in respect of their feeding as they were seventy years ago. There are more luxuries, but not so much plain flesh-making food, notwithstanding the many sorts of crushed or flaked foods that are on the market. In country places a child's first meal at breakfast was a porringerful of real milk porridge, a "makement" which seems to be quite unknown now. It is a dish or basin of food which I have tried to get made for me in large towns and country villages, the disappointing result being a basin of bread cut into squares with hot milk poured upon it, so unlike the real milk porridge which served a child, with a slice of "bread and scran" added, while at school up to dinner-time, when he ate his "baggin" in the dinner hour, the said "baggin" being a pasty and a

small bottle of milk, previously boiled, a little water being added while boiling, for most mothers then knew that raw milk—that is, milk from the cow without added water—was not good for a child's stomach, and, by the way, milk warm from the cow was seldom used, though it is often mentioned in tales and sketches of country living! A child's dinner, if he was at home, often consisted of "barm," or "suet dumplings," with a basin of broth in which was a goodly amount of bread-porridge, in fact, but very different to that made of milk for breakfast. The dumplings were delightful com-

positions, the "barm," made of dough boiled in water or broth, torn open with a couple of forks (to cut them open made them instantly sad), and in the torn hole a small pat of butter with sugar or treacle added. In making the suet dumplings a handful of currants was often added to the dough and kneaded in with the suet. These also were torn open and eaten with sugar and butter or a spoonful of broth; nor were they sorry eating, the currants giving an additional relish. For tea (weak) there were mostly oat cakes toasted, with dripping or scran, and, perhaps, half a slice of bread with a bit of cheese to finish with, or jam spread on the bread. If any supper

was allowed—seldom, it must be said—it consisted of toasted bread, crusts liked best, upon which boiling milk and water was poured, and so to bed. There was no meat, except on a Sunday, when it was preceded by batter pudding, over which the meat had been partly cooked, which was known as "batter pudding with gravy." On such living was "flesh and bone" of the best built.—SENEC.

OLD COTTAGE AT OTFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your recent correspondent and other readers will be pleased to hear that, on going to Otford to-day, I found the building in question in process of thorough repair by Mrs. Thompson of Kippington Vicarage, who has similarly restored another ancient dwelling in the latter village.—EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.



THE EXTERIOR AT DEERHURST.



ONE OF THE AISLES.